THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 14, NO. 37. RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, NOV. 5. 1896. TERMS—$1.50 IN ADVANCE

IF——

There is a store in this city which is offering better values than we are giving to our customers upon the Cut and One Price Plan they have failed to tell us about it. Nothing but words of praise has been spoken of the stock we offer for inspection this fall, and never a word of fault is found with our prices. This is especially gratifying to us, for we have made the effort of our lives this season in gathering the goods which are going out so fast to every section of this county. Perhaps you have not yet paid this store a visit. We refer you to your neighbor for a disinterested opinion of what we are doing for the people of Rhinelander.

A Painful Thing

Is a foot squeezed or pinched by an ill fitting shoe. On the other hand the comfort of a well fitting shoe is comfort indeed. "Comfortable as an old shoe" is a popular expression. New shoes can be comfortable too, if they are fitted right. To make you still better satisfied with our shoes we aim to give you the best possible value for your money. The shoes you buy here are not only guaranteed to fit perfectly, but to wear well, hold their shape, and please you in every way that a good shoe should. Next time you buy a pair of shoes let us convince you that these are facts.

Ladies' Dongola Shoes	$1.25
Ladies' Dongola Shoes	1.35
Ladies' Dongola Shoes	1.50
Ladies' Dongola Shoes	1.75
Ladies' Dongola Shoes	1.98
Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Shoes	2.25
Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Shoes	2.50
Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Shoes	2.75
Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Shoes	3.00
Gents' Calf Shoes	1.30
Gents' Calf Shoes	1.50
Gents' Calf Shoes	1.75
Gents' Calf Shoes	2.00
Boys' Calf Shoes	1.45
Boys' Calf Shoes	1.75
Boys' Calf Shoes	2.00
Misses' Dongola Shoes	1.00
Misses' Dongola Shoes	1.10
Misses' Dongola Shoes	1.15
Children's Dongola Shoes	50
Children's Dongola Shoes	65
Children's Dongola Shoes	85

CRUSOE'S BARGAIN DEPARTMENT STORE.

New Bank Block, Rhinelander, Wis.

ONEIDA IS REPUBLICAN

The County Gives a Majority Of Eight Hundred And Ninety.

McKinley and All the Rest Go Out of the County with a Big Lift—Every Man on the County Ticket Elected Except One—Brennan Squeezes Through by Forty.

Oneida county did nobly on Tuesday. The Republicans carried every precinct in the county except the one at Tripp's. The city rolled up an immense majority and the towns were a good second. The villages of Hazelhurst and Tomahawk Lake rolled up big pluralities and the claim which our friends on the other side have been making that there was an immense silent vote in the county which was going to be cast for Bryan have been shown to be without any foundation. The vote on county officers was badly scratched. The Democratic candidates who worked so hard showed a gain and one of them, Brennan, was successful. The county gives to Stewart for Congress, Clark for the Assembly and Riordan for the Senate about the same majority that McKinley received. It is very evident that the people here want a return to the times of Republican rule.

The day was a pleasant one; all that could be wished for an election and the vote cast is larger than the county ever gave. It the city the vote was one hundred and fifty ahead of any figure before given. Following is the vote of the county in detail:

FOR PRESIDENT.

	McKinley	Bryan	Lev'g	Palm'r.
1st ward	155	43	4	1
2d "	144	41	2	1
3rd "	133	65	4	1
4th "	120	68	3	3
5th "	162	57		1
6th "	109	44	2	1
Hazelhurst	167	18	5	1
Tomahawk Lake	73	6	0	
McNaughton	62	13	1	
Harshaw	66	20	0	
Woodboro	74	48	1	2
Pennington	25	15		
Tripps	13	11		
Pelican	150	61		
Total,	1453	573	22	13

FOR GOVERNOR.

	Scofield	Silverthorn	Berkey.
1st ward	155	44	4
2d "	142	53	2
3rd "	132	66	5
4th "	121	69	3
5th "	158	103	0
6th "	99	49	2
Hazelhurst	164	18	5
Tomahawk Lake	72	7	0
McNaughton	62	12	0
Harshaw	64	22	2
Woodboro	67	58	1
Pennington	25	13	1
Tripps	13	11	0
Pelican	151	66	4
Total.	1404	604	20

FOR CONGRESS.

	Stewart	O'Keefe.
1st ward	153	47
2d "	141	57
3rd "	132	70
4th "	125	66
5th "	152	107
6th "	98	50
Hazelhurst	164	19
Tomahawk Lake	72	7
McNaughton	61	14
Harshaw	68	28
Woodboro	71	49
Pennington	25	13
Tripps	10	16
Pelican	133	69
Total.	1407	602

FOR STATE SENATOR.

	Riordan	Fehland.
1st ward	153	43
2d "	141	55
3rd "	132	69
4th "	119	72
5th "	158	103
6th "	98	47
Hazelhurst	165	18
Tomahawk Lake	72	7
McNaughton	61	13
Harshaw	65	30
Woodboro	72	53
Pennington	27	12
Tripps	12	15
Pelican	130	68
Total.	1405	605

FOR MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY.

	Clark	Faust.
1st ward	153	45
2d "	141	54
3rd "	121	82
4th "	115	76
5th "	159	101
6th "	96	53
Hazelhurst	167	16
Tomahawk Lake	72	7
McNaughton	61	13
Harshaw	65	29
Woodboro	68	52
Pennington	25	12
Tripps	13	11
Pelican	129	76
Total.	1386	621

FOR SHERIFF.

	Stevens	Hilber	Shafer.
1st ward	120	63	17
2d "	154	41	21
3rd "	114	89	9
4th "	111	76	3
5th "	124	133	5
6th "	65	75	10
Hazelhurst	142	39	5
Tomahawk Lake	61	17	1
McNaughton	41	33	1
Harshaw	32	28	6
Woodboro	37	85	3
Pennington	25	12	0
Tripps	9	17	1
Pelican	83	123	8
Total,	1123	888	90

FOR COUNTY CLERK.

	Porter	Brennan.
1st ward	127	73
2d "	106	84
3rd "	81	122
4th "	72	122
5th "	107	136
6th "	62	88
Hazelhurst	145	42
Tomahawk Lake	62	17
McNaughton	29	35
Harshaw	34	44
Woodboro	40	86
Pennington	15	26
Tripps	10	17
Pelican	76	137
Total,	906	1050

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

	Woodcock.	Webber
1st Ward City	110	59
2d " "	132	64
3d " "	110	92
4th " "	103	90
5th " "	163	95
6th " "	95	52
Town of Pelican	92	119
Pennington	26	13
Tripps	13	11
McNaughton	57	18
Tomahawk Lake	72	7
Hazelhurst	161	19
Harshaw	59	27
Woodboro	68	53
Total	1,233	722

FOR CLERK OF COURT.

	Sturdevant	Wilson	Ballet.
1st ward city	142	48	12
2d " "	145	45	11
3rd " "	135	46	22
4th " "	116	69	6
5th " "	141	111	9
6th " "	84	56	10
Pelican	141	59	10
Pennington	28	11	
Tripps	16	9	1
McNaughton	58	16	1
Tomahawk Lake	70	8	1
Hazelhurst	155	27	1
Harshaw	61	29	3
Woodboro	49	73	3
Total	1311	607	92

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

	Miller.	Walker.
1st Ward City	134	65
2d " "	134	57
3d " "	111	93
4th " "	99	92
5th " "	122	139
6th " "	73	79
Pelican	119	79
Pennington	20	21
Tripps	12	15
McNaughton	50	16
Tomahawk Lake	72	7
Hazelhurst	163	19
Harshaw	58	28
Woodboro	67	67
Total	1,253	785

FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS.

	Douglass	Morrill.
1st ward city	155	41
2d " "	151	46
3rd " "	135	68
4th " "	136	56
5th " "	146	114
6th " "	99	50
Pelican	137	66
Pennington	28	11
Tripps	15	11
McNaughton	59	15
Tomahawk Lake	72	7
Hazelhurst	153	18
Harshaw	64	31
Woodboro	77	43
Total	1435	583

FOR CORONER.

	Fingry	Hildebr'd	Ander'n.
1st ward city	141	43	12
2d " "	137	46	10
3rd " "	125	61	15
4th " "	112	71	7
5th " "	148	109	5
6th " "	53	37	4
Pelican	123	67	9
Pennington	25	12	
Tripps	12	13	2
McNaughton	25	11	10
Tomah'k Lake	72	7	
Hazelhurst	153	19	1
Harshaw	65	25	4
Woodboro	65	50	6
Total	1,378	572	85

FOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

Mason received all the Republican votes with no opposition.

FOR SURVEYOR.

	Sley.		
	wright.	Schurb.	Lennon.
1st Ward City	114	11	42
2d " "	140	11	47
3d " "	128	12	62
4th " "	114	8	73
5th " "	142	8	111
6th " "	52	6	48
Pelican	119	17	67
Pennington	28		12
Tripps	12		13
McNaughton	61	3	10
Tomahawk L.	72		7
Hazelhurst	164		17
Harshaw	61	4	27
Woodboro	65	3	53
Total	1,345	80	589

Don't miss the blanket and quilt sale at Gray's next week.

JOY TO RHINELANDER

McKinley's Election Hailed With Cheers.

Never Has a Community Shown More Universal Pleasure. Barbecue And Blowout.

No stranger could have come to Rhinelander Tuesday night when the returns announcing McKinley's election were being received and believed that there were any Bryan men in town. The sentiment, strong always for good money and good times in this country, was let loose in one grand yell of joy when the result appeared certain, and the yell has hardly ceased echoing through the lanes and corridors of the city yet, while the main streets are not without the noise of joy and turmoil of glee, by any means. The arrangements for receiving news of how the country had gone were splendid. The Grand Opera House was leased and the Soo Company ran a loop line onto the stage and as fast as the bulletins were received they were read to the cheering crowd and posted on a conspicuous blackboard. From the start everything went McKinley's way and the few who have put in their time here for the past month in explaining to an incredulous public that they were the friends of the toiling masses and against the encroachments of despised capital in our blessed community soon became conspicuous by their absence. It was a McKinley crowd that stayed the night out and a night they made of it. Some cruel wag went to the Rapids House and got Charley Chalee to come up to the Opera House by telling him that all the returns were in favor of Bryan and the party which has been trying to fool the people for another four years. He didn't like the show and soon left. The people couldn't overlook Mr. Shelton, who has made such ridiculous statements and such nonsensical claims in the Herald for the past two months. They marched up to his house three hundred strong and after nailing the flag to his porch they had the band play a dirge and left. The jollification had only fairly started by morning. Whistles were blowing, bonfires were burning and throats giving forth shouts that actually made Shepard ashamed of his famous yell. A committee was appointed to prepare for a proper blowout in the evening and it was simply enormous. At dark the people began to congregate and by eight o'clock with two bands there were eight hundred men in line with torches, tin cans, and every conceivable implement for making a noise marching the principal streets. The parade and the crowd wound up at the roast ox, which had been over the fire since noon. Chairman Bishop introduced Judge Alban, who spoke to the throng for ten minutes. He was followed by W. E. Brown and then W. L. Beers spoke. None of them could be heard by any except those close to the platform on account of both distance and noise from a thousand horns. The ox was devoured along with a thousand buns and a barrel of coffee. It was a great night for Rhinelander and can be truthfully said that never was a community happier than was this one at the news of McKinley's election. It is hardly straightened around yet. This morning there was a report that Jones claimed Bryan's election and it started the Popocrats out of their hiding places. They smiled, but for a short time. The illusion was soon dispelled.

Let us all hope and work to make the victory of all the value we claim. Confidence has now returned. Work will go on, and let's recover the ground we lost by foolish voting four years ago.

Here's to prosperity and McKinley. May his administration bring to all, no matter what their opinions and votes may have been, the improvement we so much desire and must have and will have.

PROSPERITY IS COMING

McKinley Is Elected In Great Shape.

He Has Between 250 and 300 Electoral Votes Sure. It Was a Landslide.

Wisconsin 100,000 Republican.

There has never been a time when the whole Nation seemed to be so intensely interested in the outcome of a National election as on Tuesday. This has been shown in various ways but the thing which gave to it established truth was the greatly increased vote everywhere. All of the states have added thousands to their poll lists and especially in those which were considered close was the gain noticeable in the returns.

That the people took such great interest in the outcome of the struggle was always a strong indication that the party of prosperity would be victorious. The simple fact is that the people rose enmasse and crushed out the advocates of free trade and free silver. The masses of the country wanted to return to the times of work and plenty, and they were not to be thrown off on any tangent when they needed a return to those times so badly. The result, while a landslide, is nearer to the estimate made by the McKinley managers than any election has been for twenty years. All the matter is that some of the states sort of overdid the estimate a little on the matter of majority.

McKinley is elected by the greatest popular majority that any candidate ever received. He has carried the east, the west and part of the south. He will have a majority when the returns are all in of nearly one hundred in the electoral college.

New York gives McKinley nearly three hundred thousand majority.

Pennsylvania is close behind and both states send a practically solid Republican list of Congressmen.

Ohio gives the largest majority ever known in a presidential year, about a hundred thousand.

Indiana, although considered somewhat doubtful, is there with twenty thousand.

Massachusetts come along with one hundred and twenty-five thousand just for good measure.

Wisconsin was modest so only gave one hundred thousand majority.

Iowa, which was strongly claimed for silver, gave nearly one hundred thousand.

But the story is a long one. The states which McKinley has sure besides those mentioned above are Michigan, Kentucky, New Jersey, Kansas, Minnesota, Maryland, Nebraska, Maine, West Virginia, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Oregon, Wyoming, Delaware, and North Dakota.

Besides those McKinley has a chance to get either California or Tennessee. Bryan only carries some southern states and the little mountain fellows who have been trying to run the whole thing.

Illinois has given an immense plurality. In the city of Chicago alone McKinley got over fifty thousand.

It was a landslide all over. Even in the south the Democratic majorities were cut down immensely and in some cases the states narrowly escaped going into the McKinley column.

The next Congress will be strongly Republican in both branches. In the House there will be a tremendous majority for sound money and the Senate will, after the fourth of March, be for the Republicans also. They have the whole thing. To the party now rests the responsibility of all legislation and the good times which will follow the advent of McKinley and his cohorts will insure Republican rule for the next twenty years. It was a glorious victory. Not a victory of partisanship, by any means. It was a victory for good government by good safe men and a victory of patriotism. Party lines are smashed forever. Those of the Democrats who deserted their old time allies to mass themselves with the defenders of the Nation's honor and the Nation's prosperity will remain the allies of the party which stands for those principles so long as the party is true to the trust.

We've cut the prices on Ladies' Shoes—but the quality is all there. Cash Department Store.

CLARK AND RIORDAN.

They Are Both Elected By Big Majorities.

Gid Clark will represent this Assembly District in the Legislature for the next two years. He goes out of Oneida county county with 800 majority. Price county gives him nearly as much and Vilas increases it by 200 more. He has more than the 1500 predicted last week. He will make a good representative and will prove a credit to the district.

Dan Riordan is elected State Senator by a majority of about thirty-five hundred. He has carried every county in the district excepting Lincoln, which gives Fehland a small plurality. Vilas county gave Dan a splendid endorsement. He also will prove a capable and efficient representative. This county especially has reason to be proud of its team in the legislature.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Brown very pleasantly entertained a large number at a musicale at their home last Monday evening. Choice vocal and instrumental numbers were listened to by the guests, all of high order and merit. Prof. Haynor's selections on the viola and the solos of Mrs. Van Vorst, Miss Helen Alban and Mrs. G. C. Haun were especially commendable. Light refreshments were served. The occasion was voted a most enjoyable one by those in attendance.

"Aunt Jerusha's Photo Album" will be here several weeks earlier than was expected, at the Grand Opera House, Saturday, Nov. 14th. An excellent musical program has also been prepared and the entertainment promises to be one of special merit. For the benefit of the M. E. church. Tikets 25 cents; children 10 cents. Protect and encourage home industry by attending.

Great values in Ladies' Shoes at small cost. Cash Department Store

STEWART OF COURSE.

He Lays O'Keefe Low In Every County.

Congressman Alexander Stewart received a splendid endorsement from the voters of the Ninth Congressional District. He received a majority in every county, even poor lonesome Lincoln going for him by a small plurality. His victory is deserved and a compliment which he must most thoroughly appreciate.

NEW NORTH.

RHINELANDER PRINTING COMPANY.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

THE women of Colorado and Wyoming stand upon precisely the same footing as the men so far as voting for president or any other officer is concerned. For some unknown reason the report continues to be circulated that women can not vote in a presidential election. The state says who may vote and who may not, and it makes no distinction of sex.

THE prince of Monaco has just completed a wonderful fishing machine of his own devising. It is constructed of wire netting and iron, and, while it is very easy for the fish to enter the machine, it is next to impossible for them to leave it. In fact, they have no wish to leave their trap, a skillful arrangement of electric light dazzling them till they are drawn up from the nets.

IT is said that the late George A. Sheridan, while collector of taxes at New Orleans under Gov. Warmoth, received as fees not less than $100,000 a year for four years. He saved some of it, but though the value of his services as stump speaker were recognized by both Hayes and Harrison, neither of them would give him an office, and he died an embittered and disappointed man.

MISS GRACE DODGE, of New York city, who is well known as a philanthropist, is endeavoring to organize lunch clubs for girls in the vicinity of factories, where they can obtain a nourishing, comfortable meal at a nominal price. Generally clubs for working girls are in the vicinity of their homes, not of the factories where they are employed, making them useless for the lunch hour.

WHEN Justin S. Morrill completes his term in the United States senate on the 4th of next march, he will enter upon his sixth consecutive term, the completion of which will make his years as a member of the legislative department of the federal government number 48. He was first elected to congress in 1855, serving in that body until 1867, when he was promoted to the senate, where he has been ever since.

JULES VERNE'S fanciful story of the man who traveled "Around the World in Eighty Days" has not yet lost its interest as a record of surprising adventure, though the accomplishment no longer seems a marvel. Prince Hilkoff now promises to reduce the schedule time to but little more than a month. This will be when the great Russian Trans-Siberian railroad is fully completed and in good working order.

PRINCE HILKOFF, of Russia, said before leaving on the steamer St. Paul that he had purchased 15,000 watches in this country for the use of employes on the Russian railroads. The prince, after a thorough inspection, pronounces the American railroads to be the finest in the world. "Next to America," he says, "comes England. But England has a lot to learn. Every comfort in the world is to be found on the American car."

TELEPHONE wires seem to have important influence in preventing lightning from striking, according to the investigation of the German telegraph department. Three hundred and forty towns with telephone systems and 509 towns without them were under observation. In the former lightning struck three times for every hour of storm; in the latter five times. Moreover the violence of the lightning was much less in the former cases.

PROF. BROUARDEL, of Paris, recently recited the details of a farmer's suicide, a farmer who left a family of seven sons and four daughters, ten of whom subsequently followed the father's example, but not until after they had married and become fathers or mothers. Their children followed their father's and their grandfather's example and suicided. The only survivor of this entire family having a mania for self-destruction, is now 68 years old.

THE increase in the number of poisonings in India is attracting a great deal of attention in London. Formerly pounded glass and opium were the favorite agents of destruction used. But education from a European point of view has imparted to the dwellers of Hindoostan the knowledge of a number of new and far more deadly compounds and drugs. The majority of the victims are men and children. In India it is a favorite way of paying off an old score to poison the child of one's enemy.

LORD LORNE has had for some time back been introducing a large variety of Canadian game into his father's forest in Argyleshire, notably a species of turkey and a wild goose which may be expected to replace the fast disappearing native goose, whose survivors are now seldom found far from Lock Awe. The turkeys have increased in number most prodigiously, and ere long may be considered valuable features of Argyleshire shootings, while the geese are to be found in huge bodies all along the shores of Loch Fyne.

THE whale may claim to have a thicker skin than any other animal. It has a skin nowhere less than several inches, and in many parts two feet in thickness. The distinction of being the thickest-skinned quadruped belongs to the Indian rhinoceros, whose hide has a knotty or granulated surface, and is so impenetrable as to resist the claws of the lion or tiger, and the sword or bullet from the old-fashioned smoothbore muskets. So stiff and hard is this skin that, were it not divided by creases or folds, the animal imprisoned in its armor could scarcely move.

FLOODS IN FRANCE.

Rivers Out of Their Banks and Much Damage Done.

Many Villages Completely Surrounded by Water—Much Distress Caused—The Property Loss Will Be Enormous.

Paris, Nov. 2.—The Seine has been rising for some days and has now reached a point that is causing much alarm. Low-lying structures along its banks have been flooded, and much damage has been done above and below. The river is so full of floating debris that traffic upon it has been stopped. Most of the other rivers in France are also out of their banks. Many of the villages along the Rhone are completely surrounded by water. At Vallabreques, near Tarascon, the inhabitants have been driven from their homes by the rising waters and are camping in the cemetery, which is situated on high ground. Near Nimes, department of Gard, and Bourg, in the department of Ain, a number of bridges have been swept away. Families living on low ground near the Rhone have taken refuge in the upper stories of their houses, the lower portions being inundated. The district northeast of Nimes has suffered extensively. The bishop of Nimes has gone on a boat to render what assistance he can to the distressed villagers. The inundations are so extensive that the postmen have to use boats to perform their labors. The plain of Roquemaure is an immense lake. The water is so deep that only the tops of the trees are visible. The roads northeast of Bourge are impassable. The inhabitants are terrified, as the floods give promise of increasing. The six islets of Piot and Barthelaise, in the Rhone, near Avignon, capital of the department of Vaucluse, are completely submerged. The inundation is causing much distress and the property loss will be heavy.

TRAGEDY IN MONTANA.

Woman Tries to Murder Her Husband, But Kills Her Son Instead.

Butte, Mont., Oct. 30.—Mrs. J. W. Allen, of Marysville, Thursday morning shot at her husband with a rifle but missed him and killed her 12-year-old son. She then fired two more shots at her husband, one ball fracturing the skull and the other breaking his arm. He will probably die. The couple have not been living happily together. Thursday morning Allen whipped his son, and this so enraged Mrs. Allen that she picked up the rifle and began shooting, with the result stated. The woman is under arrest.

Fatal Collision.

Westchester, Pa., Nov. 2.—The second section of the day express on the Pennsylvania railroad, four hours late, crashed into the rear end of a freight train at Whitford at nine o'clock Saturday night, killing one man and seriously wounding another. The caboose, in which was John Clark, a drover of Pleasant, O., was smashed into splinters and Clark was killed. The conductor, brakeman and flagman of the freight were all seriously injured.

Serious Riot in Kentucky.

Mount Sterling, Ky., Nov. 2.—A terrible riot occurred between the advocates of gold and silver Saturday afternoon. Negro drummer boys were knocked senseless and their instruments smashed. James Biggers, a Bryan man, was stabbed several times in the back and side, dying the same night. West Winkler, a meat merchant, was shot in the side and hip and may not recover. Several were injured.

Betrayed by His Pension.

Elroy, Wis., Oct. 30.—Perry Richardson was arrested in the town of Kendall, this county, charged with the murder of a man named Wilde at Portage 26 years ago. Richardson had lived under an assumed name ever since the alleged crime, but he recently applied for and was granted a pension on his former name. This gave the clew to the officials.

Can't Work During the Winter.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Secretary of the Interior Francis has issued an order discontinuing the work of about 50 estimators of the timber on the Chippewa Indian lands in Minnesota. This work has been going on for three years and the reason given for the discontinuance was that it could not be properly performed during the winter season.

Two New York Firms Fail.

New York, Nov. 2.—Herman Bendix, doing business as Herman Bendix & Co., manufacturers of neckwear at 762 Broadway, assigned Saturday. Liabilities estimated at $100,000. The Mulduer company, manufacturers of neckwear at No. 789 Broadway, has failed, and receivers have been appointed. Liabilities, $76,500; assets, $59,000.

Kills His Son-in-Law.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—Robert J. McCreedy was shot through the left breast and instantly killed Thursday night by his wife's stepfather, Henry Miller, a hay and feed merchant, at 821 West Division street. A family quarrel was the cause of the tragedy. Miller was arrested.

Entire Family Perished.

Milwaukee, Nov. 2.—The fire at the Altenbach residence Friday exterminated the entire family. Mrs. Altenbach died at 3:45 o'clock Saturday morning and her husband Friday night. The child was found dead at the foot of the stairs.

Reduces the Estimates.

Washington, Oct. 31. — Commodore Matthews, chief of the navy department bureau of yards and docks, in his annual report to Secretary Herbert reduces the estimate of $6,906,620 to $2,245,043.

Lovers Drowned.

Wheaton, Kan., Nov. 2.—Ira Burnige, aged 17, and Grace Sayler, aged 18, were drowned here. The young couple were the only children of their respective families and were engaged to be married.

NOTED CHICAGOAN DEAD.

Gen. Joseph Torrence Passes Away—His Career.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—Gen. Joseph Torrence died Saturday night at his home, 88 Bellevue place, after an acute illness of two weeks. He had not been a well man, however, for two years. Bright's disease was the cause of his death.

Gen. Torrence was 53 years of age. The foundation of his great fortune was laid when, as a mere boy, he began working in a Pennsylvania blast furnace at Sharpsburg. He became a blacksmith and was an assistant foreman when 17 years old. He made a study of his trade until he mastered it practically and scientifically. When the war broke out he enlisted in an Ohio regiment of volunteers and went to the front. At the battle of Perryville he was wounded and was honorably discharged, returning to Ohio to lead the party which captured Morgan, the notorious guerilla. At the close of the war he entered the furnace construction business and five years later came to Chicago to take charge of the Chicago Iron works. In 1879 he became connected with the Joliet Iron & Steel company, and in 1881 organized the Joseph H. Brown Iron & Steel company. The company was finally absorbed by the Calumet iron and steel works and Gen. Torrence became its consulting engineer. Shortly afterwards he was made president of the South Chicago & Western Indiana railway, and later he organized the Chicago & Calumet Terminal Railroad company. He also organized the Calumet Canal and Improvement company, the Standard Steel & Iron company and founded the city of East Chicago. He was also credited with having first solved the problem of track elevation, and with that end in view formed the Chicago Elevated Terminal company in 1891, and acquired about $8,000,000 worth of terminal property in Chicago, which was afterwards disposed of to the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad company. Gen. Torrence received his title in 1877 when Gov. Cullom appointed him to command the First brigade I. N. G.]

BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Great Volume of Contracts and Orders Dependent Upon the Election.

New York, Oct. 31.—R. G. Dun & Co. in their weekly review of trade say:

"A market without anything but politics to rule it is not often satisfactory. Business is almost abolished until after the election by the extraordinary pressure for money, by the indisposition of anybody to sell who thinks a great change for the better is near, by the feeling that it is now of no use to contract or buy when so little time remains before a decision, and by the general absorption of business men in political activities. The indications show a gratifying confidence in probably better things, but an enormous volume of contracts and orders depend upon the election, and while prices of materials are strong, with heavy speculative buying, the absence of demand makes products generally quiet in price, though with evident expectation of strength.

"Failures for the week have been 279 in the United States, against 273 last year, and 49 in Canada, against 53 last year."

They May Confess.

Covington, Ky., Nov. 2.—Signs are pointing to a confession by Jackson and Walling, or at least to a getting at the truth of the murder of Pearl Bryan. For two weeks Jackson and Walling have been kept in separate cells and a bitterness is growing up between them. Saturday Walling said to Turnkey Maurer: "Why should I be punished for a crime I did not commit. I did not murder Pearl Bryan. Jackson is the man who cut her head off." Maurer asked why he had not so testified, but Walling declined to answer.

Fell 250 Feet, But Lives.

New York, Oct. 31.—Charles A. Heageny, of Boundbrook, N. J., fell from the rear of a Lehigh Valley passenger train Thursday night as it was passing over Green's bridge, in New Jersey, and dropped to the towpath of the canal below, a distance of 250 feet. He is still alive in St. Luke's hospital, South Bethlehem. One leg was broken, three ribs were fractured, one eye was out and Heageny received internal injuries which may prove fatal.

Hanged Himself.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 2.—Francis O. Carlson, a white prisoner, hanged himself in the county jail here Saturday morning. Carlson was waiting trial charged with drawing a pistol on a lady a few days ago, and his mind was supposed to be deranged. He took the cord from his bed some time early in the morning and hung himself to the bars of his cell.

Cyclone in Spain.

Madrid, Oct. 31.—A cyclone swept over the city of Seville on Wednesday with the result that houses, chimneys and trees were wrecked and there was a general panic in the city. Many people were injured and it is feared that some fatalities have occurred, though no deaths have yet been reported.

Cardinal Von Hohenlohe Dead.

Rome, Oct. 31.—Cardinal Prince Gustave Adolphe Von Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst, brother of Prince Von Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst, the imperial chancellor of Germany, died here Friday morning. He was born February 26, 1823, and created cardinal June 27, 1866.

Deficit for October.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The treasury figures show that the deficit for October is $7,730,000, and for the fiscal year to date $33,000,000. The receipts for October were $26,250,000 and the expenditures $34,000,000.

Big Canal Finished.

Portland, Ore., Oct. 31.—The Columbia cascade canal, which has been under construction for 15 years and upon which the United States government has expended about $3,000,000, will be opened November 5.

Sympathy of the Queen.

Simla, Nov. 2.—The queen has sent a message to the viceroy of India expressing her sympathy with the people who are suffering from the famine caused by the failure of summer rains and promising to assist them.

Great Loss of Life Reported.

Berlin, Oct. 31.—There is a rumor prevalent in Bremen that a three-masted vessel has foundered in a storm off Cape Horn and that 27 persons were drowned.

All Previous Time Lowered.

Medford, Mass., Oct. 29.—Joe Patchen lowered all previous marks made by himself by pacing a mile here in 2:04¼.

Much Cotton Destroyed.

Bombay, Nov. 2.—A large cotton warehouse has been burned here and 35,000 bales of cotton were destroyed.

A MINE DISASTER.

Awful Result of Gas Explosion in a Pennsylvania Colliery.

Six Persons Lose Their Lives—Two of the Unfortunates Were Members of a Rescuing Party—Two Others Badly Injured.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 30.—By an explosion of gas Thursday afternoon in No. 3 shaft of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal company six men were killed and two injured. The dead are: William R. Jones, fire boss, who has been in the employ of the company for the past 23 years; John W. Josephs, who had been assistant mine foreman for the past 12 years; Thomas Owens, William Lacey, James Herring and Joseph Worth.

The Injured: David Williams, laborer, overcome by gas; John Davis, laborer, overcome by gas and bruised on the body.

Story of the Disaster.

Six others were brought to the surface uninjured. When the explosion occurred William Lacey, a contractor, was at work in a rock tunnel about a mile from the foot of the shaft with 12 men. Immediately after the explosion a rescuing gang was organized by Fire Boss William R. Jones and Assistant Foreman John W. Josephs. The men proceeded down the shaft, Jones and Josephs being far in advance.

Two Rescuers Perish.

When about one mile from the foot of the shaft they stumbled over the bodies of Contractor Lacey, Owens, Herring and Worth. At this point Jones and Josephs were overcome by black damp and fell dead in their tracks. The other rescuers were forced to beat a hasty retreat, bringing the bodies of Jones and Josephs with them. A few hours later the air current was partly restored and the men were able to push their way into the tunnel, and at 8:30 at night signaled that they had recovered the bodies of the four rock miners. The rescuers with the bodies were brought to the surface shortly afterwards.

BLIZZARD IN THE WEST.

Heavy Fall of Snow in Nebraska—Cattle Reported in Danger.

McCook, Neb., Oct. 30.—A tremendous snowstorm has prevailed over western Nebraska since Wednesday night and is still raging. It is one of the greatest snowstorms in many years. A high wind prevails and the snow is drifting high, which will doubtless retard railway traffic.

Ogallala, Neb., Oct. 30.—A heavy blizzard is sweeping over this country. Cattlemen report that cattle will suffer greatly and great loss is looked for if the storm continues much longer.

Coal Mine Discovered.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 31.—Coal has been discovered near Sudbury, in the Algoma district, which is believed to be identical with the anthracite found in the region of the Lehigh valley, Pennsylvania, except that it contains no sulphur. The extent of the deposit has not been definitely ascertained, but as far as investigation has progressed, it is known to cover an area of at least 100 acres. Samples of the coal have been brought to this city and have been pronounced by experts to be of good quality.

Lee Leaves Cuba.

Havana, Nov. 2.—Consul General Lee sailed Sunday for New York on board the Ward line steamer Vigilancia. Capt. Gen. Weyler sent an adjutant aboard the steamer to bid him adieu. A number of Gen. Lee's personal friends also went on board the steamer to see him off. Gen. Lee was very reserved as to the true motives of his voyage. The only thing he would say was that he would see President Cleveland in Washington.

To Shut Out American Glucose.

Washington, Oct. 31.—United States Consul Hurst, at Prague, reports to the state department that the Austrian government is about to treble the duty on glucose to effectually bar out the better and cheaper articles from America. Within five months the United States shipped 2,640,000 pounds of this commodity into Austria, paying a duty of $2.90 for every 220 pounds.

Student Found Dead in His Room.

Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 31.—S. S. Gregory, a post-graduate student of civil engineering in Cornell university, was found dead in his rooms Thursday. Gregory was 24 years of age and held a fellowship from the University of Texas, from which institution he graduated in June. He formerly lived in California.

Shot in Self-Defense.

Devil's Lake, N. D., Nov. 2.—T. S. Cordiner shot and instantly killed R. J. Illingsworth Saturday. Cordiner claims that Illingsworth assaulted him and he shot him in self-defense. Cordiner is a prominent business man of this city.

Fatal Flames.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 2.—One man, an Italian, was killed and ten persons more or less injured in a fire which destroyed the Carlino hotel on Lower Main street early Sunday morning. Several of the injured are not expected to live.

Shot and Killed His Wife.

Cumberland, Wis., Oct. 31.—Rufus G. Clark, a farmer living near this city, deliberately shot and killed his wife in his own house Thursday night, as the result of a quarrel. Clark is not under arrest.

Death of a Noted Engine Builder.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 30.—William A. Harris, known all over the United States as the manufacturer of the Harris-Corliss engine, died at the residence of his son Thursday morning in the 62d year of his age. Death was due to a cancer in the stomach.

Killed by His Wife.

Vandalia, Ill., Oct. 31.—Edward Armstrong, of Hagerstown, accompanied by his wife, went hunting quail. Mrs. Armstrong, who was using a hammerless gun, accidentally shot her husband, killing him instantly.

MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For the Week Ending Nov. 2.

William Yates Atkinson was inaugurated the second time as governor of Georgia.

In a political quarrel at Wilkesbarre, Pa., John Luby and Andrew Drotski were killed.

Bernhardt McQuinlan died at his home in Caledonia, Wis., aged 100 years and 7 months.

Thomas W. Sadler, member of congress from 1853 to 1857, died at his home in Prattville, Ala., aged 65 years.

Mrs. Andre Berube died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Peter Blanchard, in Fitchburg, Mass., aged 109 years.

Two small vessels carrying 18 passengers, besides a crew of five men, were lost on the Alaskan coast in a storm.

At Wallaceburg, Ont., J. W. June's residence was burned to the ground and his three children perished in the flames.

Mrs. Frank Mayo, widow of the famous actor, who passed away only a short time ago, died very suddenly at Canton, Pa.

Jerry Cardwell, town marshal of Jackson, Ky., and John G. Hargis fought with pistols and both were fatally injured.

Ex-Congressman John D. Stiles, the oldest member of the Lehigh county bar, died at his home in Allegheny, Pa., aged 75 years.

Peter Shea, a prominent farmer and trader, was shot and killed by Jim Burke, a desperate negro, near his home at Lusby Mill, Ky.

During a quarrel at Butte, Mont., James Kelley, a well-known young man, fatally shot Jessie Hill, his sweetheart, and then killed himself.

Constant Huret, the French long-distance racing man, broke the world's bicycle record by riding 545 miles and 1,310 yards in 24 hours in Paris.

It was rumored that the Armenians had decided to poison the water supply in Constantinople and the authorities were taking rigid precautions. Panics were of daily occurrence.

Washington Bullard, general manager of the Union Steamboat company, died at his home in Buffalo, N. Y. He was the best known man in the steamboat service of the great lakes.

A Fatal Error.

Deming, N. M., Nov. 2.—While in pursuit of border bandits who have been committing murders and robberies in the southwest and in the vicinity of Skeleton canyon, near the Arizona line, Deputy Sheriff Frank M. Galloway, of Silver City, was shot and kill by a member of his own posse, who mistook him for a robber in the darkness, having called out to him and received no answer. The posse was close upon the robbers, but had camped for the night and Galloway was on watch. The robbers have made their escape.

Negro Kills a Farmer.

Owenson, Ky., Nov. 2.—Peter Shea, a prominent farmer and trader, was shot and instantly killed by Jim Burke, a desperate negro, near his home at Lusby Mill Saturday. The negro was drinking and got into an argument on politics with the crowd. Seeing there might be trouble, Shea, who knew Burke, led his horse some 25 yards away, when Burke pulled a pistol and shot Shea through the head without the slightest provocation. Burke escaped.

Given a Medal of Honor.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The war department Friday awarded a medal of honor to Hillary Brier, late first sergeant of company H, Ninetieth Pennsylvania infantry. At the battle of Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862, this non-commissioned officer, after his command had been forced to fall back, remained alone on the line of battle, caring for his wounded comrades and carrying one of them to a place of safety.

Breaks Into a Mausoleum.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 31.—An attempt was made Friday night to rob the mausoleum in the local Catholic cemetary of J. M. Foster, who was before his death a millionaire cattle dealer of St Louis. It was thought the ghouls were after solid gold ornaments which were supposed to be on the coffin. The iron doors of the mausoleum were broken open. The men found no gold on the coffin, and left without disturbing the body.

Singular Death of a Hunter.

Cumberland, Md., Nov. 2.—Ira Sawyer, while coon hunting near Hamlin W. Va., became separated from his companions. He built a fire against a tree and while asleep the tree burned through and fell upon him. While he was pinioned the tree kept on burning until it reached Sawyer, who was literally roasted alive. He was found by his friends just before he expired.

Burglars Use Too Much Dynamite.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 31.—A desperate attempt was made to rob the Citizens' state bank owned by McElheney Bros., at Goldfield, Ia., Friday night. Dynamite was placed in the front door and exploded. The concussion shook the entire town, breaking window glass in several buildings. Citizens were aroused and the burglars, taking alarm, escaped, leaving no clew.

Young Girl Assassinated.

Benton, Ky., Nov. 2.—Daisy Sullivan aged 18, daughter of J. M. Sullivan, living four miles north of here, was assassinated at nine o'clock Friday night by an unknown man. Bloodhounds are on his trail.

Young Girl Suicides.

Toledo, O., Oct. 30.—Grace Parker, aged 15, committed suicide Thursday by taking an overdose of morphine. She was piqued over being reprimanded for absenting herself from Sunday school.

Has Not Been Lynched.

Black River Falls, Wis., Oct. 30.—The report that George Palmer, who killed little Hazel Marshall at North Bend, had been lynched is without foundation. Palmer is in jail here.

WISCONSIN STATE NEWS.

Lightning Does Damage.

During a terrific thunder and electric storm two residences were struck by lightning at Merrill and the family of Albert Baldwin was prostrated, but no fatalities occurred. Trees were shattered at a number of points. At Deerbrook a bolt entered the residence of D. Dexter, postmaster, killing him instantly and severely shocking his two sons. Plainfield reported the thermometer at 70 in the shade, the warmest temperature known in October. At Black River Falls the guests of the Merchants' hotel were routed out by a thunderbolt which damaged the building to the extent of $1,500.

Rambusch's Body Is Buried.

The remains of W. T. Rambusch arrived at Juneau. They were immediately taken to his home, where the funeral services were held, Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Horicon, officiating. The remains were identified by a jury of six men and were then viewed by the people assembled. After a short service the body was taken to the cemetery for burial. An insurance company has paid Mrs. Rambusch $2,200, the amount held in the company by Rambusch on his life.

Passed Away.

Charles A. Eldredge passed away at his home in Fond du Lac, aged 76 years. Mr. Eldredge was born at Bridgeport, Vt., and came to Fond du Lac in 1848. He was at one time a power in politics in that locality and was always a consistent democrat. He was elected state senator in 1854, served two terms and refused a renomination. In 1862 he was elected to congress, and was reelected in 1864, 1866, 1870 and 1872. He leaves five children.

Kills a Child for Spite.

A hired man named Palmer, 18 years old, had a quarrel with his employer, Oscar Marshall, near North Bend, and in revenge Palmer took Marshall's three-year-old daughter into the barn and crushed in her skull with an ax. Palmer hid in the ice house, feigning death, with his lips and face smeared with carbolic acid. An attempt was made to lynch Palmer, but he was safely lodged in Black River Falls jail.

Woman Kills Her Husband.

Mrs. Archie McDougal shot and killed her husband in cold blood at Marinette. He went home rather unexpectedly and found a man in his house. He thrashed the man and his wife upbraided him for doing so. She went away, and a few moments later returned and killed him. She says she did not know what she was doing.

Pleaded Guilty.

Jack Webb pleaded guilty at Lancaster to the charge of murder in the second degree. Last June he had a fight with J. W. Schiffman at British Hollow, and in shooting at Schiffman he shot and killed a ten-year-old girl. He was sentenced to 14 years in the penitentiary.

The News Condensed.

A tribe of 150 semicivilized Indians, a remnant of the great Dakota Indian reservation, under their chief, John Michigan, have taken up their winter quarters at White Rapids in houses deserted by the Chippewa Indians when they went to the L'Anse reservation.

John Donda, a man 78 years of age, went out into the woods near Stevens Point at nine o'clock to chop wood and died in a short time of heart disease. He was found sitting upright against a stump dead.

C. F. Pettibone, a member of the firm of C. J. Pettibone & Co., dealers in dry goods at Fond du Lac, and proprietor of the Pine Point summer resort at Elkhart lake, made a voluntary assignment. His assets are $20,000 and his liabilities much greater.

The women's work in connection with the state centennial celebration will be placed in the hands of the Federation of Wisconsin Women's clubs, which was formed at Milwaukee.

Crazed from constant pain in his head and general ill health, George W. Bump, a prominent resident of Fox Lake, committed suicide by shooting himself.

John P. Richardson, of Janesville, was arrested in Madison on suspicion of being the "Jack the Hugger" who has accosted several women on the streets in the last few days.

Edwin I. Slupecki, a Milwaukee real estate dealer, whose sudden disappearance about two months ago caused much comment, has safely arrived at Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

Teresa Mullen, the five-year-old daughter of Patrick Mullen, was killed at Stevens Point. She was playing near an old ash barrel when the barrel fell off its foundation on to the child, crushing her skull.

Stationary engineers from all parts of Wisconsin met in Milwaukee and effected a permanent organization to carry a bill before the next legislature for the appointment of a state board to examine all engineers of stationary engines in the state.

Unknown persons have been at work in the Catholic cemetery at Elroy making a specialty of destroying valuable tombstones.

The state of Wisconsin has been honored by having its name given to one of the monster battle ships now being built for the United States navy.

At the annual meeting in Palmyra of the Black Hawk club, which controls some of the most famous hunting grounds of Lake Koshkonong, A. J. Gaston, of Beloit, was reelected president.

One of the sportsmen at Neillsville had the good luck to shoot a pair of wild geese of the white breasted or snow goose variety, a species very rare in this vicinity.

The flouring mill at Appleton, grinding 800 bushels of wheat a day, is burning bran to make steam.

John James has sued the Terminal railway in Superior for $30,000 damages for injuries received while an engineer.

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

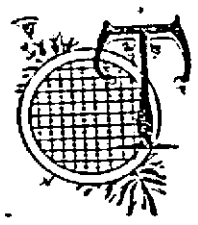
THE SCRUB.

If I should die to-night—
Then would you look upon my quiet face
And wish me back again within my stall?
Would all the years of eating I have spent
Devouring all your hard-earned grain and hay
With scant return in butter, milk or meat,
With little save a pile of leached-out dung
And my society to leave behind?
Would such a life-work make you wish me back
If I should die to-night?

THE FARMER.

If you should die to-night—
I'd be ten dollars better off by spring.
That money represents the difference
Between the food that you will guzzle down
Before the snow melts and the milk and meat
That you can manufacture from that food.
If you should die to-night—I'd thank my stars.
And if you think of dying, let me take
My ax and turn you into beef, at least,
Before you die to-night!
—Rural New Yorker.

ONLY ONE GIRL.



THEY were standing together out on the moonlit terrace. Behind them in the distance sounded the band playing soft, dreamy waltz music. But what cared they for dancing and the hot, crowded ballroom? In all the world for him there was only one woman, and she stood, her hands clasped in his, her brown head resting on his shoulder, lost in a happy dream.

"You won't forget me, darling," he whispered, "when I am thousands of miles away at the other side of the world, and letters are long in coming? You'll remember that I am coming back in two years at the latest to claim my little wife."

"Oh, it can't really be true, Geoffrey, that you are going to morrow? It is too dreadful to think of! And it's not I that will forget; I shall think of you night and day till you come back. But you'll most likely meet with some lovely American girl—all American women are lovely, you know—and then you'll forget all about poor little Mysie Trafford, who is waiting for you in England."

"When I am out on the great lonely prairies," he said, dreamily, "I shall just shut my eyes and think myself back to this night. I shall hear the band in the distance, I shall feel you once more in my arms and I shall smell the faint smell of that heliotrope you are wearing."

For answer she took a piece of the heliotrope from the bosom of her dress.

"Here's a little bit of it," she said. "And when you meet that lovely American and you wish that you were free and that this evening had never been, then you put that little flower in an envelope and you needn't write a word to put with it, but just address it to me; and when I get it I shall know what it means, and you will be free."

"What nonsense, Mysie!" he said, angrily. "Why do you talk like that? You know—"

"Oh, here you are!" cried a shrill voice. "I have been looking for you everywhere. Mr. Castleford is as cross as ever he can be, Mysie. He says you promised him the last two dances and then you had disappeared, and no one could find you, while as for you, Mr. Hamilton, I think you had better keep out of the way altogether after disappointing Lady May, and goodness knows who besides."

And Gertrude, Mysie's sister, chatted on, totally unconscious that she was a most unwelcome intruder.

She and Mysie had always been taught that it was their duty to make a good match; and Geoffrey Hamilton, with no money and just off to America, was so entirely ineligible that she suspected nothing, and ruthlessly insisted

HE HAD LOVED HER FOR YEARS.

on their immediate return to the ballroom.

And she looked often at the little hoop of pearls—the pledge of her betrothal—but never put it on except in her own room for a few minutes. Somehow as the days went by it seemed a harder matter to speak of that evening to her mother, the more so that her mother had not the faintest suspicion of anything of the sort; and so a month passed.

Then one evening Mysie returned from a walk and saw a letter lying on the hall table. A glance at her own name and the postmark—"New York"—and she snatched up the letter, wondering if anyone had noticed it; then ran upstairs to her own room and locked the door to enjoy it in peace.

The fire burned brightly and looked inviting, and she drew up a low easy chair, and seated herself comfortably as she broke the seal of the envelope. What was the faint perfume as she did so? She drew out a piece of blank notepaper from the folds of which a little bit of dead heliotrope slipped, and fell to the ground.

"Mysie, you must come down," said Gertrude. "Mr. Castleford is downstairs, and mother says you are to come"—as Mysie looked rebellious.

"But you must change your dress; you can't come down in that. Has anything happened? You look very queer."

"No," said Mysie, with a strange little laugh; "at least, nothing of importance. I will come down in a few minutes."

And in a very short time she was in the drawing-room, and Herbert Castleford, as he looked at her, thought he had never seen her so beautiful. He had loved her for years, but had received so little encouragement from Mysie that he had never spoken; but to-night he had determined to put his fate to the test, while Mysie, with a pain in her heart that seemed almost physical in its intensity, was saying to herself that if Geoffrey could forget so easily, why so could she.

And so it came about that a few hours later she returned to her own room, having pledged herself to Herbert Castleford. Instead of the little hoop of pearls she had never worn, she possessed a handsome diamond ring; and the dead flower and the pearls were put far away out of sight, to be forgotten—if possible.

Six months had passed and Herbert Castleford was pressing for an early marriage. Mysie and her mother had gone away from home immediately after her becoming engaged. Mysie complained of the cold and looked so delicate that her mother took her away to the south of France, where, soon after, Herbert followed them.

Mysie seemed willing for the wedding to take place whenever they liked to arrange it. So matters were being hurried on to suit the impatient lover, when, one day, Gertrude ran into the room where Mysie and Herbert were sitting.

"Look, Mysie!" she cried. "Here's a lovely bunch of flowers from that dear count! Isn't he silly? And they are such beauties. Only smell them. O, I

"I NEVER SENT IT."

am so pleased! Look! here is a bit of heliotrope and some maiden-hair that will just do for you."

To her surprise Mysie turned as pale as death, and shrank back, looking almost appealingly at her lover, who was watching.

As their eyes met there was something in his—an expression, a consciousness, a what? Mysie did not know, but a great trembling came over her.

A hundred thoughts seemed to pass through her mind in a moment; but of one thing she was certain—Herbert Castleford knew all about those playful, loving words spoken out on the terrace on the never-to-be-forgotten night.

Then, leaning forward, she asked, as if they had already been speaking to one another:

"How did you send it from New York?"

"I—that is—what do you mean, Mysie?—I never sent it!"

Seeing that Mysie's clear eyes seemed to read him through, he attempted no more denial, but caught her hands in his, and implored her to forgive him.

"I came out to look for you that night," he said, "and I heard what you were saying just as Gertrude came upon you from the other side; and it was such a temptation, for I loved you dearly—much better than he did. It was all done for love of you, Mysie!"

And she tried to ware him away, but instead fell fainting to the ground.

When she recovered Herbert Castleford had gone. A few hasty lines from him besought her forgiveness, and told her that Geoffrey was now on his way back to England to find out why she had not written to him, and that he hoped they would have been married before Geoffrey could arrive, but that now he would go away and never trouble her again.

"You will forgive me, Geoffrey, won't you," she said, "for doubting you like that? But it seemed so terribly true! Look! Here is the envelope and flower."

"And here is the flower you gave me," said Godfrey. "There's not much difference, certainly, between them, but as for the envelope—well, I must give you a few specimens of my handwriting when I go away again, so that you may not be taken in so easily."

"But I shall never let you go away again," said Mysie.

And that was how they arranged it.
—Forget-Me-Not.

A Great Joker.

Mrs. N. Peck—Papa always was a great joker.

Mr. N. Peck—That's so. When I asked him for you he said: "Take her, young man, and be happy."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Theory Worth Notice.

"Don't you know that the wages of sin is death?"

"Yes, and that is probably why the world is so wicked—nobody is drawing full pay these hard times."—Chicago Record.

—Miss Abea E. Ireland, of New York, was the first woman dentist.

FRENCH JUVENILE LITERATURE.

It Is Prim to the Extreme of Insipidity, According to Mme. Blanc.

Literature in our country, not having as its aim either instruction or amusement, but the production of works of art, is forbidden to French children. I except fairy-tales. Ferrault has written masterpieces; Mme. d'Aulnoy and others have followed him; the fairies of other countries may have been more poetic, but they have never been as witty as the French. Leaving fairy-tales aside, children were obliged for a long time to be satisfied with the very slight collection bequeathed by Berguin, Bouilly, Mme. de Genlis, those clever people who know how to coat a moral lesson with a thin layer of pictures, as bitter pills are coated with sugar. In fact, this is the French parents' very ideal in the matter of story-books, and to please them the lesson must not be too well coated, or hard to find, for the spirit of investigation is not encouraged in young readers.

During the past 20 years, however, the meager library at their disposal has grown wonderfully; celebrated pens have contributed toward it; we need but mention Jules Verne, whose scientific fairy-tales have, alas! almost completely dethroned those that appealed to the imagination alone. But neither in his books, nor in those of any of his competitors, will you ever find what both English and American writers currently permit themselves to do, namely, to arraign a relative, as, for instance, the wicked uncle in "Kidnaped," or to make teachers hateful, or merely ridiculous, as is the case in Dickens' works. This would be an outrage upon the respect due them in the aggregate. For this reason translations are nearly always expurgated. The friendly adoption of poor Laurie by the four girls in "Little Women" would be considered very unseemly. Yet, for all that, they were good little New England girls. T. B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" was deprived of one of its prettiest chapters, the one about his childish love for a big girl. "It is useless," they say, "to draw attention to that kind of danger."

Authors and editors are often greatly perplexed before this severe tribunal of French parents. The difference between the books children are allowed to read in France and those sought by their elders, the contrast between the tasteless pap on one side and the infernal spiciness on the other, must greatly astonish both English and American readers, who nearly all accept the same literary diet, young and old, parents and children.—Thomas Bentzon, in Century.

CHANGE OF AIR.

A Favorite Last Resort of Eighteenth Century Physicians.

A very favorite last resort of the eighteenth century physician was to send a patient to visit the place of his birth, since it was thought that "natal air" would be likely to prove peculiarly beneficial. This last theory, although somewhat ludicrous when viewed from our modern standpoint, strikes me as being somewhat more than a mere piece of plausible empiricism. It shows that, in spite of their terrible faith in physic, the doctors of those days did not lose sight of the importance of conforming to nature's programme.

Although the beneficial effect of sea voyages was to some extent recognized, it is easy to understand that the ships of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, damp and stuffy below and provisioned with salt junk and hard biscuits, scarcely gave a broken down invalid a fair chance of deriving any great amount of good from a change of air taken under such conditions.

Generally speaking, we now consider that sea and mountain air owes its virtue to its freedom from organic impurities. Probably it is this quality more than any other which gives it its reviving effect on those who have been living in the clogged and polluted atmosphere of large towns. Yet purity of the atmosphere per se is no preventive of those very ailments which bring the majority of patients to seaside watering places and highland sanitariums. If any invalid who has thus sought relief were to take careful note of the natives of his favorite health resort he would probably be disquieted to find that pale, sickly children and ailing adults were by no means uncommon. Patients with weak lungs are often sent to winter in Devon and Cornwall, although the mortality from pulmonary diseases among the permanent residents of these favored countries is not a whit less than among the dwellers in the midlands and the north. Yet the undoubted fact remains to be accounted for that such migrants to warmer climes almost always derive marked benefit from the change.—National Review.

A Cool Bed.

In Florida, where the heat is almost as unbearable at night as in the day, it is not unusual to ice the beds before retiring to rest. This is done in a very simple way. A metal vessel or pot, much in the form of the ancient warming-pan used by our grandfathers, is filled with broken ice, and, after standing until the ice has completely cooled the vessel, it is placed between the sheets and moved to and fro over the surface of the sheets and pillows until they are quite cold. This coolness of the bedclothes is very soothing to the heated and wearied body, and invariably induces immediate sleep.—Philadelphia Press.

A Political Sponge.

Mrs. Officseker—Well, John, so you have actually got through talking with Mr. Heeler at last. Is there anything in him?

John (gloomily)—Yes; there's a bottle or two of my best extra dry, but I don't believe there's any disposition to vote for me.—Washington Capitol.

Has Discrimination.

Madge—If you don't like him, why do you allow him to kiss you?

Polly—I wasn't aware that I expressed any objection to kissing.—Philadelphia North American.

OBSCURE MILLIONAIRES.

Owners of Wealth Who Know Nothing of Its Intelligent Use.

The London Spectator once published a list of those it called "obscure millionaires" who had died within the previous ten years. The list was a rather long one. This list sets one considering. The age is a shopkeeping age, it is true. It is apt, we say, to value men according to their property. Great wealth gives great consideration, and yet, notwithstanding the exaggerated importance of money and money getting, it appears that wealth in the largest measure redeems no man from obscurity; that money in itself, by its mere possession, confers no distinction which even this age values. Its use, and not its possession, is all that can make it a matter of distinction. In our own country, even more than in Europe, wealth exaggerates its own consequence. It is natural that it should, for here, more than there, it is a personal matter. The American millionaire has "made," as he says, his own shrewdness, industry (tact, perseverance or "good luck." He is fond, it may be, of reminding us all that it is so. He is a "self-made man," and recurs to the time when he was a barefoot boy, or a penniless youth, with some pride, as a proof of how bright a man he is in having changed by his own unaided powers the early poverty for the present wealth.

He feels in his heart he has done a noble work, and that he deserves the commendation of mankind for doing it. He is liable to disappointment, as we all know, and it is somewhat strange that, shrewd as he is in money matters, he is so blind in others. For the rest of the world is very busy, and has little time to trouble itself about his success or his failure. Neither can other people see on exactly what grounds a man can claim its applause only for having taken good care of his own interests.

The consideration given to him for his money is given only to his face by those who expect to get something by it. The community would look complacently upon the matter if a sudden revulsion should set him to sweeping the streets to-morrow, would consider him, indeed, quite as important in the last occupation as in that of raking his heaps higher. In other words, it is the wealth itself that is important, if there is any importance in the case. The man who owns it may be very unimportant. In fact, if he is content to be merely its owner, is sure to be so.

The only way to create distinction with wealth is by the use. What a man does with what he has determines the question of his obscurity. The world is very just, and forgets all but its benefactors. The millionaire who uses his millions for his own benefit is like the office-holder who uses his office for his own benefit, or the man of genius who exhausts his genius for his own selfish ends, or, indeed, like any man who, endowed with a trust, uses the trust for his own exclusive use and behoof.

Men possessed of other trusts are not as apt to make this mistake as the men possessed of money. Genius, intellectual power, high spiritual gifts, we are all loud to claim are conferred for the good of humanity. We stand ready to condemn relentlessly the men who endowed with such gifts use them mainly for their own advantage. But great wealth, especially if a man has himself won it, is less apt to be considered a trust. The greed for it is great. It is often sought not for itself, but for the supposed distinction it confers. When the young man of energy and ambition looks forward to the attainment of it as the end of his endeavors, he is not led by any miserly desire for money in itself. He has rather the nobler desire of winning distinction and importance by its possession. It is a means, and not an end. Pity he should in the years of his pursuit so often change his notion. For his first opinion is right. Wealth can confer distinction. It can bring honor and high consideration. It can make a man's memory fragrant with blessings for centuries. But to do all this it must be used.

There are millionaires in our own country who will neither be remembered nor cared for 30 days after their costly funerals. Their passage from among living men will leave no void, for the stocks and bonds and shares which alone gave them their consequence remain. Mankind has lost nothing, misses nothing. There are others who will be missed in a thousand places and by thousands of hearts, for though the millions remain, the heart that made the millions a blessing is gone. The man in this case is lost to us, and he was more than his money. There are again some few who so dispose of their thousands that their names and memories are linked for years, for centuries, to the monuments of beneficence they leave behind them, famous the land over, not for their wealth, but for the good deeds their wealth was used for. The millionaire is nothing, his importance nothing, his consequence nothing. We want to know what he does with his millions before we care to remember his name. As a millionaire merely, he is like the great poet who never writes, the great orator who has never made a speech, the great inventor who has never invented anything. He had grand opportunities. He could have done so much with his money. He did nothing. He "died worth so many millions." That is all. We stand by his grave, and think "what a fool he was!" Another "obscure millionaire."—Philadelphia Church Standard.

Distinguished Marksmen.

"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practising with our rook rifles at my country place the other day, and he hit the bull's-eye the first time."

"Very clever."

"Yes, but he had to pay for the bull."
—Sketch.

—About 300 species of turtles and tortoises are known. Some of these attain a very large size.

Their Conclusions.

Two scientists of the twenty-first century were examining with deep interest a petrified body which had just been discovered.

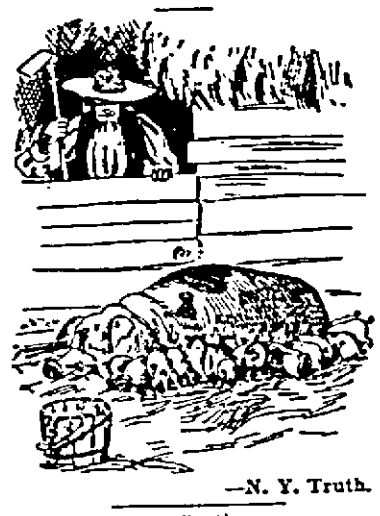
"It is quite old," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but not more than 150 years, I should say. You will notice that it has the bicycle face and the telephone ear. Those peculiarities did not develop until near the close of the nineteenth century, according to the best authorities."—N. Y. World.

Lovely Woman.

If you believe her,
She will deceive;
If you deceive her,
She will believe.
—Bay City Chat.

ANOTHER CASE OF 16 TO 1.



—N. Y. Truth.

An Ovation.

Primus—Spangler has written a play.

Secundus—Has it been produced?

Primus—Yes, last night.

Secundus—Full house?

Primus—Packed.

Secundus—Did the audience call for Spangler after the curtain fell?

Primus—Yes, and demanded their money back.—Bay City Chat.

The Redeeming Feature.

Husband—There was something about Miss Brown's singing to-night that I liked.

Wife—Indeed? What could it have been?

Husband—There was very little of it.
—Town Topics.

Using Him to Advantage.

"Mr. Scrimple," said the magnate to the young barrister, "I want to make use of your valuable services."

"Very well, sir," said Scrimple, as he gasped at the joyous prospect of a first brief. "What can I do for you?"

"A firm which competes with my house," replied the magnate, firmly, "is about to bring an action for damages against me, and I want you to get them to engage you as their counsel."—Titbits.

An Effort to Be Cheerful.

The genial young man slapped the merchant on the back and exclaimed:

"How's business?"

"How's business?" the merchant repeated, thoughtfully. Then he took a bundle of notes at anything from 30 days to six months from his pocket, and with an effort at cheer, exclaimed:

"My boy, I never saw a time when business was more promising."—Washington Star.

One Way to Get Even.

Mrs. Bingo (excitedly)—Say, the Baxters, next door, are going to have their house painted brown; now we must have our's painted a little lighter shade.

Mr. Bingo (testily)—I suppose if they had their house painted pure white, you would want one a lighter shade.

Mrs. Bingo—No, I wouldn't. I'd burn soft coal every day the wind was right.
—Harlem Life.

Not for the World.

Mrs. Dorcas—Our league of emancipated women is going to have a lecture on the social equality of the sex. You must be sure to come.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Certainly, my dear. I shall bring Miss Manners with me, as she believes in social equality.

Mrs. Dorcas—Not for the world. You know she isn't in our set.—Tit-Bits.

An Easy Task.

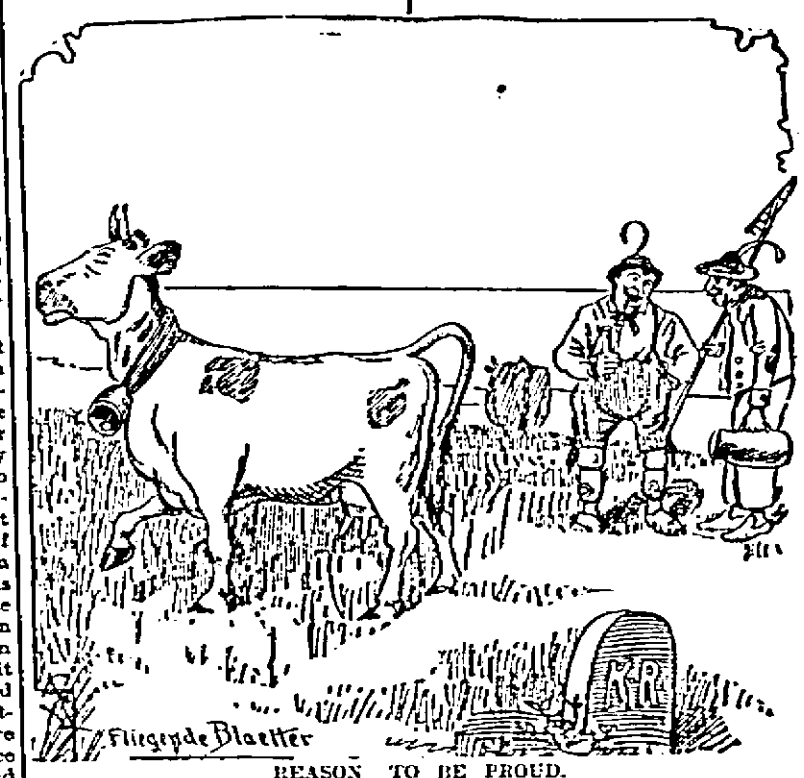
Grymes—I can read your mind like a book. I know what your every thought is.

Pokerdek—I don't believe it. What am I thinking about now?

Grymes—You are thinking that I am a liar!—Up-to-Date.

Yes, Indeed.

"These horseless carriages," said Flo; "Oh, won't they be real grand?
It always bothers Clarence so
To drive with just one hand."
—Buffalo Times.



REASON TO BE PROUD.

"Say, neighbor; ain't your cow a good deal of a high stepper?"
"Well some. It's a countess that's a-milkin' her."

An Assistance.

"Do you think that it prolongs a man's life to be insured?"

"Yes," replied the man who had just been interviewed by an agent; "it does something toward keeping him from being talked to death."—Washington Star.

Realism in the Nursery.

Mrs. Noyes—Children! children! can't you get along without making such a terrible racket?

Nellie Noyes—No, mamma; we can't. Willie's playing he's papa coming home late at night!—Yonkers Statesman.

In the Cloth.

Miss Dorothy—Curious thing, that Rev. Mr. Hicks should marry his typewriter.

The Rival Parson—Had to. She knew where he got his sermons.—Bay City Chat.

Not Appreciated.

"Brown's play failed, I understand. What was the matter with it?"

"Held the mirror too close to nature, I think. He had all the characters talking about the weather during the entire first act."—N. Y. World.

An Awful Story.

"I wouldn't believe the witness on his oath, your honor," said the lawyer.

"State your reasons," said the judge.

"Been in Georgia two years and says he never ran for office."—Atlanta Constitution.

Why He Was a Mouse.

Mrs. Nagleigh (angrily)—Are you a man or are you a mouse? That's what I want to know.

Mr. Nagleigh (sotto-voce)—I guess I must be a mouse. I have evidently been caught by a cat.—N. Y. World.

His View Confirmed.

He—Marry me, dear, and you shall want for nothing.

She—There; I always heard it said that marriage put an end to a woman's happiness!—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Kind.

Clerk—Would you like to look through some of our blankets, ma'am?

Customer—No. I want some that you can't look through.—N. Y. World.

A Mistaken Idea.

"Is that a valuable ring you have on your finger?" asked Gus de Smith of Smiley.

"Well, I've hung it up for $75."

"It must be quite valuable."

"Yes; I've hung it up 75 times for a dollar each time."—Texas Sifter.

Knott Guilty.

A short time since a Mr. Knott was tried for a violation of the law. The verdict was: "We find the defendant Knott guilty."

The judge was at a loss whether to sentence him or not.—The Green Bag.

COMMERCIAL ITEM.

"Drawing on the Bank."

Proof.

Willis—What do you think of the old way they had of bleeding people?

Wallace—Must have been something in it. I had much better health before I quit shaving myself.—Town Topics.

Solid Worth.

"What attracted young Coppage to that homely girl?"

"Why, her name is Maria, and she won't let anybody call her Marie."—Chicago Record.

Long Lived.

"What is the average life of a good bicycle, Sprockets?"

"Well, some of them last until they are paid for."—Chicago Record.

Disgusted with Politics.

"I think I'll abandon the stump!" said Rivers, throwing away the remnant of the campaign cigar a candidate had given him.—Chicago Tribune.

MEDITATIONS OF AN OLD FISHERMAN.

You waves, though you dance by my feet like children at play,
Though you glow, and you glance, and you pur, and you dart,
In the Jenes that were warmer than these are the waves were more gay,
When I was a boy, with never a crack in my heart.

The herring are not in the tides as they were of old.
My sorrow! For many a creak gave the creel in the cart
That carried the take to Sligo town to be sold,
When I was a boy, with never a crack in my heart.

And, ah, you proud maiden, you are not so fair when his oar
Is heard on the water, as they were, the proud and apart,
Who paced in the eve by the nets on the pebbly shore,
When I was a boy, with never a crack in my heart.

—W. B. Yeats.

BUSY CLIFF DWELLERS.

The Pueblo Women Are Literally Impresses of Their Homes.

"The cliff people are a busy folk," writes Hamlin Garland in The Ladies' Home Journal, in an article describing the homes, home life and customs of the cliff dwellers of the southwest—"the most mysterious people in America," as he designates them. "The women grind meal and weave blankets and baskets and make very interesting and often beautiful pottery. The old men make moccasins very deftly, while the younger men go down from the cliff to the fields to tend the growing crop, to watch the struggling corn as it battles against drifting hot sand and against sudden floods—such are the extremities of their climate. Each morning while I was in Hano I heard the men at early dawn go singing down the steep trail—down into the purple plain. Their quavering songs floated up to me with a strange beauty. Each morning, while it was still dark, the women woke me by entering the room where I lay to grind corn, and each night I went to sleep to the regular rhythm of the mealing stone timed to the mystical religious chant of the toiling women.

"Let it be said that there is no woman slavery among these people any more than among the Navajoes. The women are chief property holders. The house is generally the woman's, and descent is through her and not through the father. The men are seldom severe in manner, and in Acoma and Walpi, as well as in Laguna and Zuni, I saw the men taking care of the babies and doing it with great tenderness and smiling patience. I saw no evidence of any severity except in case of the old women. They seemed to be the drudges of the household in Walpi and in Acoma, carrying wood and bottles of water up the steep trail, bent, withered, morose and complaining. They alone of all these people seemed saturnine."

Ingenious Peruvian Potteries.

A long, slim neck is a distinguishing feature of much of the Peruvian pottery, and nearly every vessel is ornamented with a figure of some sort, having holes to represent eyes and other openings. These afford a passage for the air forced out by the liquid when poured into the vessel. By an ingenious contrivance the air in escaping produces a sound similar to the cry of the creature represented. Thus a utensil decorated with two monkeys embracing each other, on having water poured into or from it, would give a sound like the screeching of those animals. One decorated with a bird would emit birdlike notes, while a mountain cat on one jar would mew; snakes coiled around another would hiss. The most curious that we have seen was the figure of an aged woman. When the jar was in use, her sobs became audible, and tears trickled down her cheeks. The manufacturers seemed to have known all about atmospheric pressure. Dr. Le Plongeon had in his own collection a piece that demonstrated this. It represented a double headed bird. The vessel had to be filled through a hole in the bottom, and yet in turning it over not a drop would spill, but the liquid would readily flow out when the jar was simply inclined. —Popular Science Monthly.

Cautious Prophet.

In these days, when people are wont to complain of any mistake made in the prognostications sent out from the weather bureau, it is amusing to read of the complaisant manner in which Clough, in his "New England Almanack" for the year 1702 and later, predicted the weather.

"Perhaps," he says, from the 15th to the 22d of January, "it will be very cold weather if it freze by the fireside or on the sunny side of a fence at noon."

In April he says: "Perhaps wet weather if it rains." "Now fair weather if the sun shines." "Windy or calm."

And in July he writes pleasantly, "If now the weather do prove fair, people to Cambridge do repair."

It appears that Mr. Samuel Clough knew how to secure himself against criticism.

Imitation Leathers.

Numerous varieties of imitation leather are produced from sheepskins. Considerable quantities are made to simulate glazed kid, black and colored, and alligator. These bear so close a resemblance to the real that the difference is not always discernible, even to men familiar with the trade. They are in use in the production of shoes that can be sold at low prices, for which the demand is greater than usual in these times.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Russia produces eight bushels of wheat to the acre and might produce twice or three times that quantity if the cultivation were as careful and systematic as in Germany or France.

Atilla, the king of the Huns, was called the Scourge of God. The desolation he wrought in Europe cannot be read even at this day without the utmost horror.

The first United States piano was made in Boston in 1773.

CHINESE CONJURERS.

People Supposedly Cut to Pieces and Then Put Together Again.

The court jugglers in the time of Kublai Khan made it appear to those who looked on as if dishes from the table actually flew through the air. One of the travelers who visited the regions of which Marco gives us some account says, "And jugglers cause cups of gold to fly through the air and offer themselves to all who list to drink." And Ibn Batuta, a Moor who visited Cathay a century after, gives this account of a similar incident:

That same night a juggler who was one of the khan's slaves made his appearance, and the emir said to him, "Come and show us some of your marvels." Upon this he took a wooden ball, with several holes in it, through which long thongs were passed, and, laying hold of one of these, slung it into the air. It went so high that we lost sight of it altogether. It was the hottest season of the year, and we were outside in the middle of the palace court. There now remained only a little of the end of a thong in the conjurer's hand, and he desired one of the boys who assisted him to lay hold of it and mount. He did so, climbing by the thong, and we lost sight of him also. The conjurer then called to him three times, but getting no answer he snatched up a knife as if in a great rage, laid hold of the thong and disappeared also. By and by he threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand and then the other foot, then the trunk and last of all the head. Then he came down himself, all puffing and panting, and with his clothes all bloody kissed the ground before the emir and said something to him in Chinese. The emir gave some order in reply, and our friend then took the lad's limbs, laid them together in their places and gave a kick, when, presto! there was the boy, who got up and stood before us. All this astonished me beyond measure, and I had an attack of palpitation like that which overcame me once before in the presence of the sultan of India when he showed me something of the same kind. The Kazi Afkharuddin was next to me, and quoth he: "Wallah, 'tis my opinion there has been neither going up nor coming down, neither marring or mending. 'Tis all hocus pocus."—Noah Brooks in St. Nicholas.

MODERN PRISONS.

Their Very Improvements Are What Drive English Convicts Mad.

The official belief is that there is little or no prison made insanity. Prison doctors are keenly alive to the possibility of shamming, and they hesitate to admit that there is any flaw in the system for the administration of which they are so largely responsible. Still the fact remains that the ratio of insanity in prisons has exactly doubled since 1877.

The admitted general increase of insanity is not sufficient to account for this startling fact. Prison discipline is now more mechanical, and therefore more depressing. Its very improvements in this respect "take the heart out of a man." It is probable that prisoners were far happier in the old unreformed prisons, when they herded together and had companionship of a kind.

An expert witness who had passed four and twenty years in jail told the prison committee some startling things from the convict's point of view. The rules, he said, are too minute for human observance, and some minds are totally unable to bear the strain of them. A man may be reported for knocking something over in his cell, though it may be by pure accident. The name for this offense is "unnecessary noise." As the poor wretches walk their weary round in the exercise yard one may fall out of step and thus throw the others out. The first offender or the last—any one, in fact, on whom the warder's eye happens to fall—is liable to punishment for this mischance.

In this way the convict gradually acquires an expression that never leaves him—the round the corner glance of a being who dreads a tyrant on the pounce. We want a new Howard if the system is only half as bad as it is said to be by those who have lost reason to know.—London News.

Hot Bread Fad.

"Do you know," asked a policeman, "what that crowd of young society people is doing at the bakery over there?"

It was just before midnight in the west end, and a group of young folk had gone, chatting merrily, into the door of a large bakery.

"They will wait there," continued the bluecoat, "until the first batch of bread is taken out of the oven, which occurs about 12 o'clock. Hot bread lunches seem to be getting all the rage among the swell set, for every night about this time I see group after group go up to the door of the bakery and procure the freshly baked bread, so hot that it scorches the paper. They take it to their houses, and there it is eaten with plentiful spreading of butter and preserves. To be thoroughly enjoyed it must not be cut, but pulled apart with the fingers."—Washington Times.

Wellington on the Defeat at Ligny.

Next morning Wellington was conversing with General Bowles when a staff officer drew up, his horse flecked with foam, and whispered the news of Ligny. Without a change of countenance, the commander said to his companion: "Old Blucher has had a —— good licking, and gone back to Wavre, 18 miles. As he has gone back, we must go too. I suppose in England they will say we have been licked. I can't help it; as they have gone back, we must go too."—William M. Sloane in Century.

An Innocent.

She—Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

He (surprised)—Why, no! I have three sisters.—Somerville Journal.

THE DUDE LISPED.

And He Likewise Effectually Disproved Mr. Hank Thompson's Theory.

One day, in the old days at Cheyenne, when it was still the terminus of the great Pacific road, there arrived, all by himself, a young man about 20 years old, who had such a lisp and looked so girlish that the rough crowd looked him over in astonishment. It was Hank Thompson who finally walked up to the young man on a street corner and gruffly demanded:

"Say, baby, are you lookin for your nursin bottle?"

"Thir, do you addreth me?" asked the young man as he straightened up.

"You bet. Whar's yer ma and how did you happen to get lost?"

"My ma ith home, thir, and I am not losth. You are very rude, thir."

"You are very rude, thir," mocked the terror as he beckoned to the boys to close in and see the fun.

"It theems to me, thir," said the young man as he locked the gther over, "that you don't like my lookths."

"No, I donth."

"And that you want to pick a fath with me?"

"A fuss with a baby. Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hank.

"Thir, I can take care of mythelf."

"Don't want any ma to rock you to sleep, eh?"

"No, thir, and I want you to go away before I hurt you. When I'm riled, I thoot."

"Hear him—he thoots!" shouted the terror as he laughed all over. "Say, boys, what is this thing anyway?"

"Wath you referring to me?" asked the young man.

"Of course I was. Whose trunk or carpetbag did you escape from?"

"Thir, I thee thath you want me to thoot you, and therefore I will thoot unless you go away."

"He will thoot! Ha, ha, ha! Somebody git some sugar and a rag. Mebbe he's hungry."

"I don't like to thoot, but I thee I musth," said the young man, and before anybody realized what he was at he had pulled out a little popper of a pop and sent six buckshot bullets into Hank Thompson's anatomy. The big fellow staggered about and fell down, and everybody thought he was done for until a doctor looked him over and said no vital spot had been touched. Hank lay with his eyes closed for a long, long time, but he finally opened them and faintly asked:

"Boys, have I bin shot or what?"

"Yes, you've bin shot," answered one.

"Who did it?"

"The young feller that looks like a girl and lisps."

"Great Scott, you don't tell me!"

"Yes, he driv six bullets right inter yer carcass, Hank, and you won't canter about for a month to come."

"And it was that feller?"

"Yes."

"Waal, durn my hide. I've allus heard that nuthin on the face of this airth could lisp and shoot, too, but the fellers that told me hadn't never run up ag'in a baby."—Chicago News.

His Mistake.

Clergymen are frequently good story tellers, but, as a rule, a proper dignity prevents them from wanting to appear in that light publicly. The following was narrated to a reporter by a popular divine:

"In the days of my early ministry," he said, "I thought it necessary to impress thoughts of salvation by everything I uttered, and I am afraid I was sometimes not altogether discreet.

"My first work was in a western mining camp, and I had to remain over night at a rough hotel to wait for a stage to convey me to my destination. At the table a savage looking man said gruffly:

" 'What might be yer line, young feller?'

" 'Saving souls,' I said solemnly.

" 'Ugh!' was the only response.

"After supper a coarsely dressed man approached me and said:

" 'Pardner, le' 's make some kind o' dicker. We're in ther same line, an thar ain't room fer both. There's a camp furder up the crick whar yo' could do well.'

" 'I think you are mistaken, my friend,' I said. 'I am a minister of the gospel.'

" 'Sense me, parson, I thought yo' was a cobbler!' "—Washington Star.

Just a Woman's Way.

Two women stood on the wrong side of a cross street that intersects Broadway and signaled the cable cars, only to see them shoot by in the most aggravating way.

"Well, of all the impudence!"

"Did you ever!"

"Why, it's worse than we read about."

Here one of the gripmen shouted something and waved his hand backward.

"What did he say?"

"Something about the wrong corner."

"Well, I've got his number, and I'll report him for not stopping."

Here a policeman came up and took them to the lower side of the street, where the very first car stopped for them.

And they both said:

"Well, the ideal" — Kansas City Times.

From Her Point of View.

Both were very young. They stood gazing into a store window, admiring the pretty frocks that children so love, and turning to look at the ragged figure beside her Marjorie said compassionately, "Little girl, poor little girl, are those your bestus clothes?"

"No," the other responded with a solemn shake of her head, "my bestus clothes is worsd out."—Boston Herald.

The Acme of Knowledge.

Muggins—Is Bjones well informed?

Buggins—Yes, indeed. Why, he actually knows as much as the average young man who has just been graduated from college thinks he knows.—Philadelphia Record.

And still we lead all competition.
BEERS & Co.

Ladies buy your shoes, rubbers and overshoes of Beers & Co.

Holding old and getting new customers is what goods and prices are doing for Beers & Co.

They can't beat us and one by one they have quit trying. We are bound to undersell all.
BEERS & Co.

Cross-cut saws gummed at the Rhinelander Iron Co. A new apparatus for this purpose enables us to put old saws in first-class shape.
tf.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

Changeable Weather.

Changeable weather brings to mind "77", Dr. Humphreys' Specific for Colds and Grip. For sale by druggists—25c.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between E. L. Dimick and A. D. Smith, under the firm name of Dimick & Smith, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. E. L. Dimick continuing the business and collecting all accounts due and paying all debts contracted by the firm.

E. L. DIMICK.
A. D. SMITH.

Oct. 20, 1896. 31-o22-n5

If Troubled with Rheumatism Read This.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Apr. 16, 1894.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the pulic. JNO. G. BROOKS, dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18 Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

MECHANICSVILL, St. Mary County, Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. MCGILL. For sale at 50 cents per bottle at Palace Drug Store.

ROGERS & LOSIE
GENERAL
Blacksmiths and
Horse Shoers.
Fancy Horse Shoeing, Skidding Tongs and Cant-hooks a Specialty.
All New Work Made to Order.
Give us a Trial.
Shops at Ed. Rogers' old stand.

H. LEWIS,
Wine, Liquor and Cigar
MERCHANT.
Pfettman Block. - Rhinelander, Wis.
My goods are the very best and I can supply customers at Chicago and Louisville wholesale prices.
Fine California Wines a Specialty.
Give me a call and sample goods and prices.

J. Weisen's
Provision Depot!
Is always stocked with reasonable goods. The finest butter, eggs and everything usually found in a provision store. Potatoes at wholesale or retail. Give us a call. Brown street.
Don't Forget the Place

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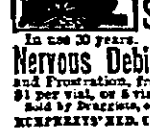
Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the
Scientific American
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

How are you fixed these cool days for
. . Stoves
We mean Heaters, both for cooking and comfort?
We have the best line and sell them at the lowest of prices. We would like to have you call and see them.

Guns and Rifles.
We handle a line of the above goods that can't be beat. The deer season promises to be an exceptionally good one this year, and we are prepared to fill big orders.
LEWIS HARWDARE CO.

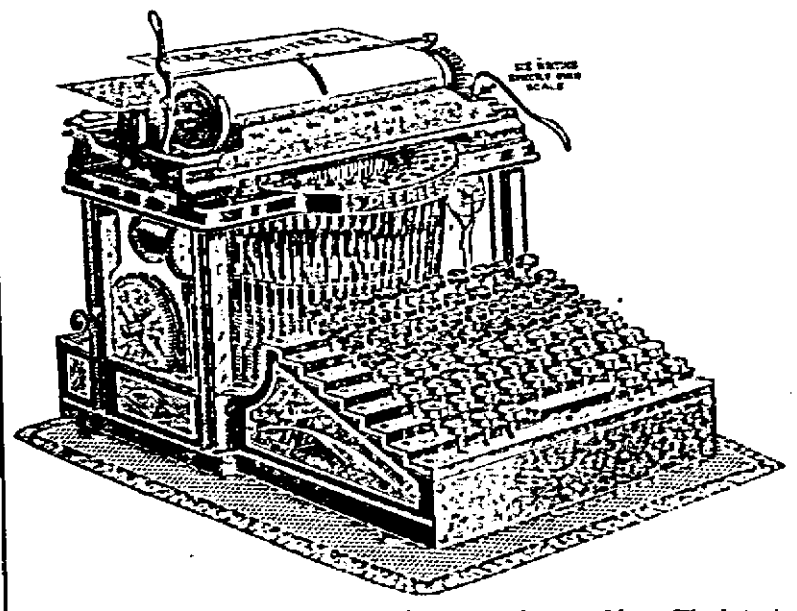
New Clothing
We have just opened a big lot of the Best and Cheapest (custom made) All Wool Suits for Men and offer them at only
$5.00 per Suit.
The Cloth is worth more. In boys goods the same way: all wool suits at $1.00; Strictly all wool at $2.00. Nobody ele will match it. We charge nothing for looking at them.
Spafford & Cole.

F. A. HILDEBRAND,
DEALER IN FURNITURE.
My Stock is Complete and my Prices Reasonable. Your Patronage is solicited.
An expert embalmer and funeral director in readiness at all times. Call before purchasing.
RHINELANDER. - WIS.


HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

Every Day Something New Appears in the World.
New Inventions! New Discoveries!
It is now known that the *Liver* is the most important as well as the largest organ in the body. The *Liver* transforms digested food into pure, rich blood. The *Liver* acts as a filter, removing all impurities from the blood.
The *Liver* secretes bile, which assists in digestion, destroys disease germs, removes all waste and poisonous matter from the system through the bowels.
Liver diseases are caused by over-eating, improper food, alcoholic drinks, exposure, or it is inherited.
When the *Liver* becomes affected, all the organs and tissues of the body suffer; a general lassitude, weakness and dizziness follows; headache becomes frequent, the bowels constipated, impure matter is absorbed, and waste tissues retained in the blood. The blood rapidly becomes impure; pimples, boils and sallow complexion may appear, digestion is affected, the food sours in the stomach causing belching, heart-burn, sour stomach. Disease germs may now enter the system unharmed and cause bilious, malarial, typhoid or other fevers.
These are but a few of the symptoms of a diseased liver which differ in different persons.
We will now consider the remedy:—*Dr. Ray's Liver-T* is a new and scientific discovery prepared solely for Liver diseases by the Mekka Medical Association, specialists, of Chicago. It has been tested daily in their practice, and so wonderful has been their success with it, that they are now placing it on the market that all may try and be convinced of its wonderful virtues.
If you are troubled with boils, pimples, impure blood, and sallow complexion, blood purifiers may relieve you, but if you want to be cured, doctor the cause, (Liver disease) with *Dr. Ray's Liver-T.*
All intelligent Physician's now admit that the majority of human ailments arise from the *Liver.* Biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, melancholy, loss of appetite, dizziness and constipation are common ailments; *don't neglect them*; they indicate commencing disease of your *Liver. Dr. Ray's Liver-T* will relieve and cure you. It is put up in tablet and liquid form, pleasant to take, harmless, yet efficient in its action.
SAMPLES FREE. For sale by
Palace Drug Store.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.


Will do more work with less labor than any other machine. The latest and best. Live agents wanted. For sale by
BADGER TYPEWRITER CO.,
Milwaukee, - - - Wisconsin.

CLARK & LENNON--Builders' and Lumbermen's

J. B. SCHELL.

Merchant Tailor.

a NEW line of

.... Fine Winter Woolens.

Foreign and Domestic Goods—the Finest.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Satisfaction in Material, Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Brown Street. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. L. DIMICK.

Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Heating.

Office Rear of NEW NORTH Building, Stevens Street.

J. Segerstrom,

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Watches,

Jewelry,

Diamonds, Silverware,

Clocks, Etc.

Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

RIVERSIDE DAIRY.

We deliver first-class milk in bulk or bottles. Cream furnished on short notice.

P. J. LANGLAIS, - Prop.

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address

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For sale at Rhinelander, Wis., by John Reardon, Druggist.

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BARBER SHOP

W. A. CLARK, Proprietor.

New Bank Building. Rhinelander.

Steam Heated Bath Rooms.

All work in the tonsorial line done Satisfactorily.

Ladies' Hair Dressing a Specialty

J. A. WHITING,

VETERINARY : SURGEON

And DENTIST.

Office at Joslin & Chafee's Livery.

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BARBER SHOP!

DUSEL & LEWIS, Proprietors.

ELEGANT BATH ROOMS.

The finest and most centrally located shop in the city. THE place for scientific work. The most experienced barbers in the country employed.

Hilber House Block, Brown Street.

ONEIDA HOUSE

GUS HORN, Prop.

Transients will find it to their advantage to give this house a trial.

Rates, - - One Dollar per Day

Take the SOO LINE Direct Route

—TO—

Canadian Provinces,

New England,

New York,

And All Points East.

Sol'd Vestibuled Train to Montreal. Only Through Sleeper to Boston.

"THE ATLANTIC LIMITED"

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

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SOO PACIFIC LINE

TRUE SCENIC ROUTE, TO

BANFF, GREAT GLACIER, VANCOUV'R, VICTORIA, OREGON and CALIFORNIA.

Through Sleeping and Dining Service. Comfortable Tourist Car to Seattle without change

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LOWEST RATES. BEST SERVICE.

For Particulars write

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No. 4—Daily .... 11:22 P. M.
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Atlantic Limited .... 2:00 a. m. Daily
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Close connections for Tomahawk, Eau Claire, Duluth, Marinette, Monominee, Wausau, Stevens Point, adison, Chicago and beyond, and all points on C. M. & St. P. and Wisconsin Central R'ys. Freight trains do not carry passengers.

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JUVENILE LITERATURE.

In France It Is Prim to the Extreme of Insipidity.

Literature in our country not having as its aim either instruction or amusement, but the production of works of art, is forbidden to French children. I except fairy tales. Perault has written masterpieces; Mme. d'Aulnoy and others have followed him. The fairies of other countries may have been more poetic, but they have never been as witty as the French. Leaving fairy tales aside, children were obliged for a long time to be satisfied with the very slight collection bequeathed by Berguin, Bouilly, Mme. de Genlis, those clever people and who know how to coat a moral lesson with a thin layer of pictures, as bitter pills are coated with sugar. In fact, this is the French parents' very ideal in the matter of story books, and to please them the lesson must not be too well seated or hard to find, for the spirit of investigation is not encouraged in young readers.

During the past 20 years, however, the meager library at their disposal has grown wonderfully. Celebrated pens have contributed toward it. We need but mention Jules Verne, whose scientific fairy tales have, alas, almost completely dethroned those that appealed to the imagination alone. But neither in his books, nor in those of any of his competitors, will you ever find what both English and American writers currently permit themselves to do—namely, to arraign a relative, as, for instance, the wicked uncle in "Kidnapped," or to make teachers hateful, or merely ridiculous, as is the case in Dickens' works. This would be an outrage upon the respect due them in the aggregate. For this reason translations are nearly always expurgated. The friendly adoption of poor Laurie by the four girls in "Little Women" would be considered very unseemly. Yet, for all that, they were good little New England girls. T. B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy" was deprived of one of its prettiest chapters, the one about his childish love for a big girl. "It is useless, they say, "to draw attention to that kind of danger."

Authors and editors are often greatly perplexed before this severe tribunal of French parents. The difference between the books children are allowed to read in France and those sought by their elders, the contrast between the tasteless pap on one side and the infernal spiceness on the other, must greatly astonish both English and American readers, who nearly all accept the same literary diet, young and old, parents and children.—Th. Bentzon in Century.

Modern Powder Puffs.

The world used to say that all American women powdered, just as they say now that they smoke cigarettes. In the old days there was a bottle stuck in some corner of her bedroom, with a more or less soiled stiff rag hanging on the cork, which was called into service just before a start was made for a shopping or calling tour. It was a sort of a wipe and promise, and the services of several good natured women friends were required along the way to remove the extraneous lumps of dried powder which would naturally be caught in prominent parts of the face or sunk into pet dimples.

But today to make up a face properly is to master an art having elementary rules as exact as those of a science. Perhaps a woman's glass tells her nature was not as lavish as it might have been, or the information may come from equally frank friends. At any rate she is either engaged in a fair encounter with nature or in a war of fortification against time's siege. The old white powder has been superseded by brunette, blond powder and natural complexion powder, all of which are used by direction of the druggist, who tells the expectant fair one exactly what powder will give a fair imitation of what has been or should be. The eyebrow pencil overcomes deficiencies in the eyebrows, and only a trained eye can detect the assumption of reality.—Philadelphia Times.

Circumstantial Evidence.

A gentleman in a country town, says the New York Ledger, recently became conscious of most suspicious glances cast upon him by his neighbors and acquaintances. Then he became aware that his footsteps were dogged.

A constable was occasionally seen around his house, and subsequently a stranger, who afterward turned out to be a detective, appeared. Tortured and troubled, the gentleman at last asked a friend the meaning of it all.

"Don't you know?" said he. "They suspect you of murder."

"Of murder!" said the horrified man. "What do you mean?"

"You received a postal card last week?"

"Very likely I received a dozen."

"But on this one were written these words, 'Be sure and save the son, but kill the father,' and the postmaster read"—

But at this a smile, ending in a laugh, broke in upon the dialogue. The postal card had come from a theatrical manager, for whom the gentleman had written a play, which the manager wanted amended in certain particulars.

CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

IN THE MATTER OF THE VOLUNTARY ASSIGNMENT OF JAMES McRAE.

Upon the presentation of the application of James McRae, of the City of Rhinelander, in said county, which application was on the 12th of October, 1896, duly filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of said county, whose postoffice address is Rhinelander, in Oneida County, State of Wisconsin, for a discharge from his debts; said application having been filed as aforesaid and presented to Hon. Chas. V. Bardeen, presiding Judge of this Court, within one year after filing a copy of his assignment in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court, as required by law; which assignment was made by said James McRae on the 17th day of April, 1896, to Alexander McRae, whose postoffice address is Rhinelander, in Oneida County, Wisconsin, for the benefit of and in trust for the creditors of said James McRae, the Assignor; a copy of which assignment was, on the 17th day of April, 1896, duly filed in the office of W. F. Cain, Esq., the Clerk of the Circuit Court of this County, whose postoffice address is Rhinelander, in the aforesaid County and State; said application having been filed and presented as aforesaid, before the final settlement of the accounts of the Assignee under his assignment.

Therefore it is ordered that all the creditors of said James McRae, such insolvent debtor, show cause, if any they have, before the Judge of this Court, at his Chambers in the City of Wausau, Wisconsin, on the 28th day of November, 1896, at 9 o'clock A. M. of that day, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, why such insolvent debtor should not be discharged from his debts.

That a copy of this order be published once each week for at least six successive weeks prior to the day of hearing, in the New North, which is a Newspaper published at Rhinelander in the County of Oneida, State of Wisconsin.

That a copy of such application and of this order be, within five days from the date of this order, deposited in the postoffice, post paid, directed to each of the creditors of such insolvent debtor whose address is known to such insolvent debtor.

Dated October 12, 1896.

CHAS V. BARDEEN, Circuit Judge

71-O13-N26

LOWEST PRICES FOR RELIABLE GOODS IN MILWAUKEE.

Morgan's

Fall Trading is made by us very interesting. The VERY LOW PRICES at which we are enabled to sell goods, in consequence of buying everything for SPOT CASH, enables us to keep the goods coming and going in a constant stream of the most DESIRABLE things obtainable.

Colored Dress Goods.

36-inch Fancy Plaids at 25c
50-inch Cheviots, All Wool, in brown, tan, plum and drab 39c
46-inch Fancy Mixed Chevron Suiting, in all the leading colorings 69c
52-inch All-Wool Habit Cloths, all new shades, at 50c, 60c
52-inch Check and Stripe Boucle Suitings, in fancy mixtures, at 65c

We Lead in Jackets and Capes.

Every Garment in Our Large Stock is Faultless in Cut, Finish and Form, and in every way gives evidence of superiority in the extreme. Our customers tell us that our prices are more reasonable than any other house.

☞All orders filled promptly and carefully, as heretofore.

Mail Orders Promptly Attended To.

James Morgan & Co.

JOHN McEATHRON, Assignee,

Grand Avenue and Third St., MILWAUKEE.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

18 Pages a Week. 156 Papers a Year.

Is larger than any weekly or semi-weekly paper published and is the only important Democratic "weekly" published in New York City. It will be of especial advantage to you during the Presidential Campaign, as it is published every other day except Sunday, and has all the freshness and timeliness of a daily. It combines all the news with a long list of interesting departments, unique features, cartoons and graphic illustrations, the latter being a specialty.

All these improvements have been made without any increase in the cost, which remains at $1.00 per year.

We offer this famous newspaper for six months and THE NEW NORTH one year for $1.75.

THE MILD POWER CURES

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for nearly half a century by the people with entire success.

NO.	SPECIFIC FOR
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic
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4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults
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9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head
20	Whooping Cough
27	Kidney Diseases
28	Nervous Debility
30	Urinary Weakness
34	Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria

"77" for HAY FEVER

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for $1. (may be assorted) except 28, $1. size only. Dr. Humphreys' Manual (Enlarged & Revised) mailed free. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

Election

And it has been a hot ... tion as this country ha... no comparison to th...

Gr...

will sell at reduced pri... Owing to an overstock... find it necessary to n... that will take them o... you the profits if yo... There was never a ti... line of Blankets and ... If you are a shrewd b... the extraordinary va...

10-4 Cotton Blan... 40c. grade at.

10-4 Cotton Bla... ue at........

64x76 wool mixe... $2.25 grade at.

1¼ wool Blankets, good, ... our price....................$2.49.

1¼ Cochineal Blankets, $5.00 value at..........................$3.98.

1¼ white all wool Blankets sold at $5.00 for....................$3.89.

1¼ tan colored all wool Blankets worth $8.00, we ask for it..........$6.49.

1¼ all wool $10.00 Blankets in white at..........................$8.49.

1¼ all wool Blankets, best in the house, sold at $12.00, price this week and next.........................$9.98

$1.00 Quilts at	....	.79
1.35 "	at........	.98
1.75 "	at........	$1.39
2.50 "	Silkoline at........	1.98

Brown St. IRVIN GRAY.

You run no risk

of getting musty or poor grades of FLOUR if you patronize

HANCHETT & ARMSTRONG.

We Guarantee every sack to give you perfect satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded. Prices the lowest. Mail orders a specialty

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Crane, Fenelon & Co.

DEALERS IN Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods

First-class Goods and Prices to Suit the Times.

A. C. DANIELSON & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILOR.

We are prepared to make First-class Fitting, Fashionable Suits. We carry the Latest Style of Goods, and the Lowest Prices in the Town. Shop opposite the Giant Sleigh Manufacturing Co.'s plant, Rhinelander Wis

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E. G. SQUIER

—DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Etc.,

Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausts' Block. - - Rhinelander, Wisconsin

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

"There are no jokes like the old jokes,"
Said the humorist blithe and gay.
"And the jokes that now find favor
Pleased the folks of another day."
—Philadelphia North American.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL.

Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you?

You are suffering from

KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP!

Warner's Safe Cure

WILL CURE YOU.

Thousands now well, but once like you. Give an honest medicine an hon-

MEDITATIONS OF AN OLD FISHERMAN.

You waves, though you dance by my feet like
children at play,
Though you glow, and you glance, and you
purr, and you dart,
In the Junes that were warmer than these are
the waves were more gay,
When I was a boy, with never a crack in my
heart.

The herring are not in the tides as they were
of old.
My sorrow! For many a creak gave the creel
in the cart
That carried the take to Sligo town to be sold,
When I was a boy, with never a crack in my
heart.

And, ah, you proud maiden, you are not so
fair when his oar
Is heard on the water, as they were, the
proud and apart,
Who paced in the eve by the nets on the peb-
bly shore,
When I was a boy, with never a crack in my
heart.

—W. B. Yeats.

BUSY CLIFF DWELLERS.

The Pueblo Women Are Literally Empresses of Their Homes.

"The cliff people are a busy folk," writes Hamlin Garland in The Ladies' Home Journal, in an article describing the homes, home life and customs of the cliff dwellers of the southwest—"the most mysterious people in America," as he designates them. "The women grind meal and weave blankets and baskets and make very interesting and often beautiful pottery. The old men make moccasins very deftly, while the younger men go down from the cliff to the fields to tend the growing crop, to watch the struggling corn as it battles against drifting hot sand and against sudden floods—such are the extremities of their climate. Each morning while I was in Hano I heard the men at early dawn go singing down the steep trail—down into the purple plain. Their quavering songs floated up to me with a strange beauty. Each morning, while it was still dark, the women woke me by entering the room where I lay to grind corn, and each night I went to sleep to the ... ing ...

CH

BEST SNAKE STORY.

The beauty of the best snake story in the world is that there was really no snake in it, which is more than can be said even of the Garden of Eden.

It had been very hot that summer on the ranch. Men work in the fields of California with the thermometer at 110 degrees, while they fall down of heat apoplexy in the streets of New York and Chicago at 90 degrees. That is the maxim they preach to the stranger in the west, and it has truth in it; but it is a mistake to suppose that even in California men work in the fields in comfort in such a temperature; and that summer the thermometer had gone very near 115 degrees. So we were grateful enough to get away into the hills for a spell, with a wagon and a tent and the usual outfit of pots and pans, three of us, white men, with Louie, the Mexican (whom we called in the vernacular the Greaser), to mind the horses and make himself generally useful. Our programme was to fish the rivers, shoot deer, and possibly a grizzly bear, discover a gold mine and go back to the ranch with a prospective fortune.

We had just pitched our tent. Down on the plain for weeks before we had been sleeping out on our veranda, but the air of the hills had a nip in it by contrast. It was late in the afternoon, but there was still plenty of sunshine. I followed Louie round a shoulder of the hill, going to fetch water at a little stream tumbling from somewhere among the snowy peaks that capped the zone of firs on the great mountains above us. These mountains had, at some time or other, sent down a little avalanche of small rocks, that lay heaped on our left as we walked. The scene was the most peaceful imaginable.

In an instant a succession of small incidents sent the peace to limbo. Louie dropped his pannikin with a tinkling clatter, crying: "Sancta Maria!" in a voice of terror. At the same moment I heard the dread rattle of a snake, and saw its length gleam under Louie's feet and vanish among the rocks.

"Sancta Maria!" he tottered back into my arms, his dark face livid with fear.

"What is it, Louie? Did the snake strike you?"

"In the foot," he said; "yes."

"Let us get back to camp. Quick, lean on me."

"What's the good, boss?" he asked. "I'm a dead man." Nevertheless he came with me, leaning on my shoulder, and making a lame walk of it.

Down in the plain we had no rattlesnakes. For miles about the ranch there were no rocks for them, and though there were plenty of ground-squirrel holes we never saw snakes about them. The thought of such things did not enter our heads, and Louie, weary of his boots, had kicked them off, with the long spurs, and come with me in his stocking feet on his quest for water.

A word explained to the boys what had happened.

"Strychnine's the best," said Jock Peters, who was our authority on the question of snake bites, which he had studied in Australia; "but we haven't got it; so we must do what we can with this. But it's a poor chance," he added in a whisper, as, to save time, he knocked the neck off a bottle of brandy. "Drink it, Louie," he said; "never mind cutting your lip; get it down—that's the chief thing."

The Mexican's teeth chattered as we forced the neck of the bottle, but he drank a great gulp without winking. The liquor, or pickle, either, to scorch the throat of a Mexican has yet to be found.

Jim Kelly, the Irishman, was saddling the freshest of our horses, to ride at best speed into Lindsay, 11 miles away in the haze of the plains, for the doctor. In a minute he was pounding away along the hills. "Fix up a light as high as you can put it if it's dark before we get back," he shouted as he went.

We pulled the sock off the Mexican's foot. Already, it was swelling fast, ...h a purplish tinge round a tiny blue ...t, from which the smallest imagin-...le drop of blood had welled.

"Any good cauterizing it?" I sug-...sted.

"Not a mag," Jock said, shortly. "...o on with the brandy and keep him ...ing; that's his only chance."

The Mexican's face was dreadful to ...; he called, in his terror, on every ...int in the church; but he declared he ...ffered no pain. Jock, improving the ...casion, began relating in a low voice ...me anecdotes of all the snake bites ...had known. "One boy I've seen that ...l recover," he said; "and that was ...m the bite of a brown snake, and a ...own snake's as bad, they say, as a ...ttler—an Australian brown snake, ...at is; a rattler can't be worse. But ...is boy was stupid all his life after; ...t as quick-witted as the average, ...ich is not much to say. And at ...nes, just at the time of year at which ...d been bitten, the wound got red ...ain and swelled, and he was stupider ...an ever. Louie had on a sock; the ...ttler'd have had to go through that; ... might have spent a bit of his poison ...ere; that gives Louie a sort of a ...ance. Does it hurt you now, Louie?"

"No, boss; no, not hurt."

The swelling was spreading; going ..., the ankle and right up the leg, and ...e man began to talk slowly and pain-...lly.

"I remember," said Jock, "going ...ong a ridge of a terrace on a steep ...er bank. The river was full of ...arks, and I met a brown snake com-... along the ridge toward me. There ...sn't room to turn, and I couldn't take the river, for the sharks, and I hadn't ...gun. But my pal coming behind had ...un, and he poked the barrel in be-...en my legs and blew the brute to ...s."

"Is that true, Jock?" I asked.

"My heavens, d'you think I'd ever lie at such a time as this?" with a glance at Louie's face.

"Are you getting sleepy, man?" he said; then, as Louie did not answer, he took him under the arm. Signaling me to do the same on the other side, we kept him moving between us up and down and round the tent. From time to time we made him drink more brandy. He had taken half a bottle, but it seemed to have no effect on him.

"It stimulates the heart's action, you know," Jock explained, "just as the poison goes to stop it; but strychnine's the best, acts as nerve tonic. It's a deal to do with the nerves, this snake-bite business."

We heard the little ground-owls begin whistling at each other from the mouths of their squirrel holes away down in the plain, and the bats and moths began to come out as the sun sank out of sight. They brushed our faces as we continued to march the Mexican to and fro. Presently I left the work to Jock, and rigged up a pine torch for a signal light on the pole which I had taken from the wagon. The job took some while, but at length I got the light fairly flaring.

"Look at his face," Jock whispered to me, as I came back to him.

It was a shocking sight under the flickering rays, swollen, distorted, livid. The man's arm was swollen, too, as I felt when I took my place to support him. His movements were lethargic and heavy, so that I wondered that Jock, unaided, could have kept him moving so long.

"Give him more brandy," Jock directed, "more; that's it—he's had nearly all the bottle. There's a chance," he went on presently; "I really believe there is. I thought he'd have been dead before now. Maybe he don't mean dying after all. A white man'd have been dead half an hour ago."

"I wish the doctor'd come."

"Mighty little good wishing."

The weary tramp went on. Twice I had replenished the beacon-torch and once more we gave the Mexican a gulp of the brandy, which finished the bottle. As I was fixing the torch for the third time I heard a shout down the canyon. I answered with all my might, and in a few minutes Jim Kelly and the doctor rode into the circle of the flaring light.

"Alive?" the doctor asked.

"Alive, yes," said Jock; "alive, and that's about all. He can't speak."

"What have you given him—brandy? That's right. How much?"

"A bottleful."

"Right, and you've kept him awake? That's it. He won't die now. Wonderful fellows, these greasers. He'd have died before this if he meant dying. Let's see the wound."

The candle burned as quietly in the still air as in a room. The Mexican's foot was swollen so that it scarcely looked like a human member; but in the midst of the purple swelling was a white circle with the little blue mark, plainly evident, for its center. The Mexican seemed to feel no pain, even when the doctor handled the wound and pressed it upward with his fingers.

"Hold the candle close," he said. "It's blamed strange," he added. "blamed strange," peeking at the little blue mark with his forceps; "the fang's in the wound yet. I never heard of that happening before. Shake him a bit; don't let him go drowsy."

His swollen limb wobbled like jelly under the treatment. It was horrid.

The doctor gave a little dig, and then a little tug with his forceps. Presently he held up to the candle, in the clutch of his forceps, a long white spine, and regarded it curiously.

Then he said in a hollow voice: "Do you know what that is? It is not a fang at all. It is a cactus spike."

"What?"

A strangely perplexed little group of men gazed into each other's faces with questioning eyes, under the stars that twinkled out over the snow-topped edges of the Sierras.

"Only a thorn!"

"Look at it," the doctor said. "You can see the thing for yourselves."

One after another we examined the spine, feeling its point with a finger that we certainly should not have ventured near it had it been a poison fang.

"And there's nothing else in the wound?" Jock asked.

"Not a thing else."

"And you mean to tell me that I've wasted two hours of my time, to say nothing of a bottle of our best brandy, in walking about a Greaser that has nothing the matter but a thorn in his foot? Well, I am darned."

"That's about what you have been doing," the doctor said, quietly.

"Well, I am darned." Jock turned with a look of righteous wrath to the wretched Mexican, who was lying in a comatose heap in my arms; but the first sight of his face checked the words unspoken.

"Shake him up; keep him waking," the doctor cried.

"But you don't mean to tell me," Jock began again, when he had succeeded in arousing some sign of life in Louie, "that all that," pointing at his distended features, "is the cactus-thorn?"

"There's not a mite else in the wound."

"Well, I am darned."

"All the same," the doctor added quietly, "he'd have died if you hadn't kept him going."

"Died! What of?"

"Snake-bite! Shake him up there! Don't let him go drowsy!"

"Snake-bite! Heavens and earth, I thought you said there was nothing in his foot beyond the thorn."

Then the doctor went up to Jock and laid a hand on each of his shoulders, and said, very slowly and distinctly: "You mark me, Jock Peters, we're in face of a bigger thing to-night than snake bite. We're in face of one of the biggest and ultimatest facts of human nature, and one of its biggest mysteries—the influence of the mind upon the body. I've heard of something like this case before, although I've never seen it, nor ever thought I should; and that in connection with a coolie and a cobra in India. In that case, too, there was no snake bite, although there was a snake. The coolie saw the snake; it darted from beneath his feet, and at the same moment (likely from the start he gave) a thorn pierced his foot—just as it happened to the Greaser. And that man too, the same as this man here, swelled up, showed all the symptoms of snake poisoning, and died. This man we'll save. You, Jock, have practically saved him by keeping him moving and counteracting the poison by the brandy. Look at the man; isn't he snake-poisoned?"

"By all that's blue he looks it," Jock admitted.

"And all the hurt he's got—the physical hurt—is just the pin-prick of that thorn. The rest's all mental—all the swelling, the surcharging of the vessels, mental. Now, tell me, how do you think that man would be but for his morbid mental state, with all that brandy that you've given him?"

"Dead, I suppose?"

"You're right—dead; as dead as you or I would be if we set to drink the same just now. But he—he's hardly drunk; he's sober. And he's better now—heart acting better." He bent and listened to its beating as he spoke. "You've seen a strange thing to-night, gentlemen," he added, rising again, and addressing us collectively; "such a thing as neither you nor I are likely ever to see again. And I'll tell you another thing about it, gentlemen; it's a thing that you won't find a great deal of credence for when you come to tell it to the boys. There's a fashion in this world for men to believe they know the way things happen; and the thing that happens in a way they don't know they put aside as a thing that didn't happen. So of this," the doctor added, simply, "I should only speak, as among gentlemen, with the hand on the pistol-pocket at the hip."

After awhile the awful distortion of Louie's face began to go down. "You can almost see it settling like a batter pudding," as Jim Kelly said; and the fearful purple tinge died out of it. His heart was beating naturally again, and the doctor said we might let him go to sleep.

In the morning he was difficult to rouse, as he might be after so heavy a night, but the doctor said he would do right enough if we gave him rest for a day or two. And so we did, though his nerve was so shaken that we had to send him back to the plain again, where there are no rattlesnakes. It appeared later that Louie had cherished a morbid dread of snakes for a long while, ever since he had had a hand in the killing of one six feet long down in the republic of Mexico; though after a couple of years on the ranch he had almost forgotten that there were such things. A man that is nervous about snakes should never go barefoot in the hills.

"It only shows what I told you," Jock Peters commented. "Strychnine is the thing for a snake bite, because it is such a nerve tonic. If a man could make believe he had not been bitten he need never die of snake bite. If ever I'm bitten I shall make believe it was a cactus spine."

This is a true story, although it's such a good one. If anybody doubts it, he can see the thorn.—MacMillan's Magazine.

Elephant Plays Possum.

Several years ago a large bull elephant was captured by Cripps, the famous elephant taker of Ceylon. The animal made a desperate struggle at first, but was finally conquered and led into the corral by two tame elephants, trained for the purpose. The moment it entered the inclosure it sank upon the ground and apparently died of what the natives termed a broken heart. Every effort was made to restore the elephant. It was treated by the doctors, punched with spears by the mahouts, but all to no purpose, and it was finally deserted. But the moment the natives had reached a safe distance the wily beast sprang to its feet, and with exultant trumpeting rushed through the corral fence and into the forest, where its cries of delight at the success of its ruse were heard for some time.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THOROUGHNESS PAYS.

Why Parents Should Develop Precision and Accuracy in Children.

There is no habit that young people can acquire that is likely to be so valuable to them in every relation of life as the habit of being exact. Indefiniteness is a crying fault of youth. It is an easy thing to get into slipshod habits of thought and work. Such work may be brilliant, but unless work is directed toward a definite purpose it is valueless. Thought that appears in brilliant flashes is as useless for guidance as the light of a jack-o'-lantern. A beacon-light must be steady and certain. The value of a fixed definite purpose in life, steadily adhered to, cannot be overestimated. It is the secret of success, and so fully is this recognized that some one has defined genius merely as the power of persistence. He who has ability to maintain a fixed purpose in spite of disappointments and apparent failures, must, in the end, win, if he is guided by honor and truth.

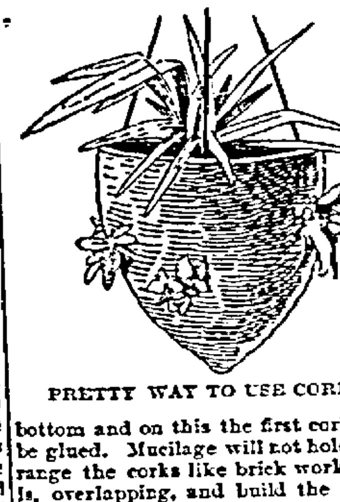
Exact habits are best formed in youth. It is next to impossible for a man or woman who has grown up in "happy-go-lucky" habits of work to turn back and learn to be exact. Parents often excuse inaccuracy and careless ways in children on account of their youth. It is a great mistake to do this. While youth cannot be justly burdened with the cares of age, yet whatever a young person is called on to do should be accurately done. The common habit of acquiring a smattering of many things should be discouraged as a vice. It is far better for the young student to have two studies and pursue these to the definite purpose of comprehending them thoroughly than to take up a dozen, of which he can only secure a frivolous knowledge.

The habit of giving simple, accurate information is a most rare and valuable one. Not one person in ten can give definite, clear directions on any stated subject of which they have full knowledge. Yet this is a habit which successful business men are compelled to acquire. The trained specialist in any branch of art or science is chiefly valuable because he has learned to crystallize his information and reduce it from vaporous theory to something that can be made practical. From the earliest childhood, children can be taught to be exact and clear. This is the chief value of the kindergarten system, and it should be supplemented by home training for the same object. Children who learn to know what they are taught clearly and definitely will have nothing to unlearn, no superstitions and false ideas to correct when they reach maturer years. An early training in definite, correct methods of work has trained the mind as well as the hand, so that the small student from these schools is at once ready to enter the paths of higher knowledge by a royal road.—N. Y. Tribune.

A HANGING BASKET.

How to Make One from a Number of Ordinary Bottle Corks.

Ordinary bottle corks may be used for many kinds of fancy work. One of the prettiest ways of using them is given in the Boys' Own Paper, from which the illustration is taken. If you do much cork work it is advisable to get a special knife, for the ordinary knife will dull with but little use. A small round of pasteboard must be cut for the



PRETTY WAY TO USE CORKS.

bottom and on this the first cork is to be glued. Mucilage will not hold. Arrange the corks like brick work; that is, overlapping, and build the basket like the figure. When finished and dry coat the inside with oil paint, going over it twice, so as to insure that the basket will be water tight, a necessary precaution against the softening of the glue. It is better to extend the wires well down the sides, especially if a pot is to be placed inside the basket.

Left Over from Breakfast.

An economical housewife, whose family dinners are always good, occasionally utilizes the cupful of cold oatmeal, hominy or wheat left from breakfast in the following way: A thin layer of the porridge is put in the bottom of a small pudding dish and seasoned with sprinkling of grated cheese, salt and pepper, and then a few tablespoonfuls of stewed tomatoes added. Another layer is seasoned in the same way. Sometimes the top layer is dusted with fine bread crumbs. The dish is heated through and browned in the oven and served with roast meat. At other times a cupful of gravy and the tomatoes are used in making this excellent course. Occasionally it is used as the base of a good pudding, either hot or cold, and is eaten with whipped or plain cream, and preserved fruit, or a sauce of stewed fruit.

Milk Lemonade.

Dissolve six ounces of sugar in a pint of boiling water; mix with a gill of lemon juice, and the same of cherry. Add three gills of cold milk and stir well together. Pour through a jelly bag. This is delicious.—Boston Herald.

Confirmed.

"Is it true that the girl from Kansas is engaged to the cowboy from Texas?"

"Yes. They have exchanged bowie knives."—Detroit Free Press.

CHINESE WOMAN DOCTOR.

Only One Ever Graduated from an American Medical College.

Mrs. Dr. Kim Eca da Silva is the only Chinese woman graduate of an American medical college. Recently she lectured before the Christian Endeavor society of the Calvary Presbyterian church, in San Francisco, and proved that she is a very interesting woman, worthy of a name which is euphonious, but occupies nearly a line of type.

It appears, says the New York World, that she was given by her father, after her mother's death, and while she was still a very young child, to Rev. and Mrs. D. B. McCartee, who were among the early missionaries to China. When only seven years old she was brought to this country and remained a year and a half, returning nine years later. With the exception of a year in Mrs. Life's famous old school in Westchester county, N. Y., all her education has been received from masters and governesses until she entered the Woman's Medical college, the New York in-

ONLY CHINESE WOMAN DOCTOR.

firmary for women and children, from which she graduated with distinction in 1885.

This was followed by two years' hospital practice in New York and Washington. Her stay in the latter place was while her adopted father was secretary at the Japanese legation. The family returned to the orient and all took up missionary work, the little doctor practicing the while among her people. In Tokio three years ago she married a Spanish merchant, Eca da Silva. Business interests took him to Honolulu, but the enervating climate did not agree with her, and it was decided to come to California. With them is their little year-old son.

Dr. da Silva is recuperating, and the stay in California may be prolonged indefinitely. She has been induced to take up a work recently instituted here—that of interesting the young people's societies in foreign missions. To that end she will lecture next month through southern California. Her last talk was replete with interest. She gave an insight into the life of Chinese women, and told of the possibilities for them. She urged a course in medicine for those who would go into missionary fields, as in that way the home life of people could be reached, and while healing the bodies the hearts could be reached. She gave as the reason why Christianity had not done more for her people that it had not reached the women, who, even in virtual bondage as they are, exert a far-reaching influence.

Dr. da Silva speaks fluently in the most cultured English and seems ever ready with bright anecdotes. She is, after her race, small, has a cheery, bright manner, and superior intelligence has robbed her face of even a suggestion of Mongolian stolidity.

Training of French Children.

I would now beg you to consider the less pronounced persons of our little boys and girls, who are required, above all else, to be amiable in the sense the word has in France, where it means lovable, having nothing of the lukewarm and hollow meaning of the English word "amiable." The aim of their education differs in the two countries. In America good parents have but one thing in view—the rational development of individuality and of responsibility; while this, in the girls' case as well as in the boys', is the constant labor of parents in France—to keep their children in tutelage, to prevent them from seeing what is going on outside, and to give discipline and complete submission the first place. In fact, their children are being more specially trained for the exigencies and the accomplishments of a social life whose machinery has been running on for centuries, while Americans are being prepared for individual struggles such as they must necessarily make in a new country.—Th. Bentzon, in Century.

Charming New Bed Cover.

A beautiful new bed cover of latest fashion is made from fine white organdie. In the center there is a square of the material bordered by a band of Renaissance lace. Next this is a wide border of the muslin, then a narrower border of the lace. The spread is finished with a wide frill of the muslin. The pillow shams that go with the spread are also of muslin. The square of muslin in the center of each sham has a large ornamental letter, made from the braids used for Renaissance laces. Book muslins of a good quality could be used for such cover, which is usually over another of colored or white china silk.

New Things for Housekeepers.

Gelatine capsules that can be turned into a soup in a few minutes and powders that are quickly transformed into sauces for meats are some of the resources for light and instantaneous housekeeping. Some of the capsules while perhaps they do not provide very nourishing food, are certainly a blessing to the dyspeptic traveler who cannot always procure a good cup of tea or coffee. A box of the capsules, a cupful of hot water and salt and pepper, and lo, one has a well-flavored hot drink more tempting than a cup of hot water.

The highest ideal has strongest attraction and influence, so many are content with secondary ideals of mind or matter.

NEW WOMAN VS. BULK.

How a West Side Girl Succeeded in Closing a Car Door.

He was so big he got in his own way. Not only was his stature exceptional, but his girth kept even stride therewith. He floundered onto a Madison street trailer the other morning and took station before the forward door. There he remained for a space. This is how it all happened, says the Chicago Chronicle.

She was young, pretty, black-haired and black-eyed. When the train stopped at one of the cross streets she stepped gracefully on that forward platform and encountered him of the bulk. He shambled a bit, but got in the way more than he would have done if he had retained his position. Finally, after much darting about, the girl succeeded in entering the car to escape the chill wind, which was blowing gayly.

The car was crowded and she was forced to stand. So she took her position immediately inside the door, while the big man maintained a similar position on the platform. He settled back against the door and by sheer weight inserted a portion of his anatomy in the doorway. It was cold, but the girl could not shut the door; he was too heavy. Then she thought and then she smiled.

She quietly adjusted her hat pin, gave the door a gentle pull and the big man nearly vaulted over the dashboard. He did not say anything nor did he upset more than half the other passengers on the platform. He fell off to the street, gazed wistfully at the receding car and started down the street. The girl burst into a hysterical laugh, bottled up suddenly and became preternaturally solemn. There was a button off the back of his coat. She put her foot over it as it lay on the car floor.

OLD AGE BRINGS RESEMBLANCE

When Years Creep Upon Them Members of Families Look Like Each Other.

"Age brings out family likenesses or resemblance as nothing else can or will," remarked a scientist who has given much attention to the study of physiology and its running mate, physiognomy," says the Washington Star. "In the ordinary life of a man or woman they are so much occupied by other things—that is, with the pleasures, passions or business of the world—that they do not show any of the lineaments of their parents. When old age comes on them, however, they show many of the resemblances of the parent stock. Take your own circle, for illustration.

"If you are old enough to remember the parents of any of your friends or relatives you will notice that as they in turn grow old the family likenesses come out. There are, of course, some people who have the general features and appearances of their parents, and in many cases of both father and mother, though in most cases of but one, and that most likely of the father, in their youth and through their life. There are others, though, who had none of the marked family likenesses until they reached an advanced age. By this I mean 50 years or so. In many cases persons have shown in their own faces none of the family likenesses until they reached very advanced ages, and it grows more and more marked as they leave the milestones of age behind them."

SHE WAS SUSPICIOUS.

Hubby Said Times Were Hard, But She Went to Headquarters.

It was not necessary for the men in line at the back to turn their heads in order to be informed that a good-looking young woman was approaching, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. The winsomely bland smile which flowed across the countenance of the clerk at the window conveyed the information swiftly and conclusively.

"Excuse me," she said, as she took her place at the head of the procession—a place which strong and brave men could have reached only by wading through gore—"I would like to ask you a question."

"Certainly."

"Are times really hard?"

"There isn't any use trying to conceal it. In a good many branches of industry the depression is very serious."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you," she responded, and turned to go away.

"If you were worrying about any particular investment I might be able to give you some advice."

"No. It wasn't about anything special. I just wanted to satisfy myself that times are hard. I don't really wish to annoy my husband with my expenses, and I thought the best thing to do was to come and find out for certain whether times are hard or whether it is merely the same story that he has been telling me every year when the fall styles come in."

Enrich

Your blood at this season by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will not need to fear pneumonia, fevers or the grip. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL for Spring delivery the largest and most complete line of Nursery Stock, SEED CORN and SEED POTATOES in the west. Three plans of work. PAY WEEKLY. An early start insures success. WRITE AT ONCE FOR TERMS. THE JEWELL NURSERY COMPANY, Lake City, Minn.

TRIAL FREE by mail. Consumption. Wonderful cures of hopeless cases; quick, gain 5 lbs week; made strong fast. DR. ARMSTRONG, Berrien Springs, Mich.

HAVE YOU TRIED YUCATAN?

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

SOUTHERN CYCLONES.

They Do Great Damage in Louisiana and Mississippi.

Many Buildings Blown Down and Others Damaged—Several Lives Lost—Oklahoma and Indian Territory Also Visited.

New Orleans, Oct. 30.—About 4:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon a cyclone struck this city on the river front, just above Peniston street, and swept over a distance of about 1½ miles, or 30 blocks from Peniston street to Robin street, the track of the storm being about 1,500 feet wide from the river to Annunciation street. Hundreds of buildings in the track of the storm were damaged, many being partly unroofed and chimneys prostrated, trees uprooted and fences blown down. Some lives were reported lost at first, but so far these reports have not been verified. The property loss is estimated at $100,000.

In Tensas Parish.

Newellton, La., Oct. 30.—Tensas parish was visited by a destructive cyclone Thursday. At Lake St. Joseph the large brick gin on the Mound plantation belonging to Joseph Curryn was practically destroyed. Twelve cabins on Locust island were completely demolished, and one colored woman was instantly killed and several were blown into the lake. At Johnson's Bend, on Lake St. Joseph, leased by A. Bland, the gin house containing a quantity of hay was totally wrecked. Three barns containing corn were also destroyed and a great deal of the corn was blown away. Six cabins were in its path and all were blown to pieces. Telegraph and telephone wires are down and the public road on Lake St. Joseph front is covered with fragments of houses, furniture, clothing, cotton, corn and household effects. Two colored men and two colored women and a baby were drowned in Lake Bruen, where they were carried by the wind.

In Mississippi.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 30.—A cyclone passed over Lafayette county, Miss., late Thursday afternoon, destroying farmhouses, uprooting trees and doing other damage.

In Arkansas.

Pine Bluff, Ark., Oct. 31.—A terrific cyclone passed through the eastern part of Jefferson county, doing great destruction to property and injuring 20 persons, some fatally.

In Oklahoma.

Guthrie, O. T., Oct. 30.—A cyclone swept over a stretch of country about 20 miles east of here at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday night, devastating a district several miles long and probably 100 yards wide. The farmhouse of William Toby was first in the path of the storm. The building was destroyed and Toby was probably fatally injured. Half a mile further north the Mitchell post office and store was lifted bodily into the air, carried 100 yards and dashed to the earth. The building was smashed into splinters, and Postmaster M. L. Mullin and his wife, who lived in the building, were killed. The bodies were found Thursday morning. They died clasped in each other's arms.

The Mullin's family came here from Rock Island, Ill. There was a tremendous fall of rain here and considerable damage was done by washouts and the carrying off of crops.

In Indian Territory.

At Wewoka, I. T., the cyclone destroyed Gov. Brown's store, a new church and four other buildings. Several persons were hurt, but none seriously. At mine No. 12, near Krebs, it is reported five people were killed.

In Lincoln county Mr. and Mrs. John McLaughlin have been found dead in the ruins of their home and Harrison Jones will die of his injuries.

Man 119 Years Old Drowned.

Warsaw, Ind., Nov. 2.—Dennis Scantlin was drowned in the Winona canal Saturday night. He was a native of Ireland, and claimed to be 119 years of age. He had been living alone for over two years in a small hut, furnished by the charity of more prosperous fellow-countrymen. His wife died two years ago at a very advanced age.

Damages Against a Street Railway.

Chicago, Oct. 30.—William H. Ramstead was Thursday awarded $10,000 damages against the West Chicago Street Railway company for injuries received February 28, 1894, when he was struck by a cable train. The company entered a motion for a new trial.

President Refuses to Interfere.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The president Friday refused to interfere in the case of D. D. Fuller, convicted in Iowa in June last of using the mails to advertise the sale of counterfeit money and sentenced to 18 months in the penitentiary.

For the Unfortunate.

New York, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Minnie L. Cummings, the wealthy widow and authoress, has given her palatial residence at Elberon, N. J., to an association founded by her for the protection of homeless and unfortunate women.

Johnson's Great Speed.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 31.—John S. Johnson made a mile at the eight-lap Coliseum Friday night in 2:01 1-5. This is the fastest mile ever ridden on an indoor track. He was paced by tandems and triplets.

The Official Count.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 30.—The official count of the vote in the state in the recent election gives Atkinson (dem.) for governor, 120,827 votes; Wright (pop.), 85,532, a democratic majority of 34,995.

Fourteen Fishermen Drowned.

Lisbon, Oct. 30.—A severe storm prevails along the coast of Portugal. A fishing boat has been lost near Setubal, 18 miles southeast of this city. Fourteen fishermen were drowned.

A Destructive Fire.

Rushville, Ind., Nov. 2.—The greatest part of the business portion of the town of Manila, 12 miles southeast of this city, was wiped out by the most disastrous fire in its history.

BIG CROP OF WINTER APPLES.

Aggregate Yield Nearly 59,000,000 Barrels—Heavy Exports.

New York, Oct. 31.—Throughout the states of chief commercial production, including New England and New York, the crop of winter apples is large, according to the special report in the New England Homestead, which places the aggregate yield at a shade under 59,000,000 for all of the United States, against 60,500,000 barrels in 1895 and 57,000,000 barrels two years ago. This authority says that the crop in New England, New York, Michigan and parts of a few other states is phenomenal. New England and New York have over 16,000,000 barrels, against little more than 7,000,000 a year ago, while Michigan is harvesting the greatest crop of fine fruit ever secured in that state. Exports from the Atlantic coast are already 1,000,000 barrels—a third more than all of last season—and the foreign markets have a capacity for absorbing further vast quantities before spring.

DEEP SNOW IN THE WEST.

Heavy Losses in Cattle by the Ranchmen in the Dakotas.

Huron, S. D., Nov. 2.—The wind and snowstorm of Friday was more severe over northern and western portions of the state than at first supposed. Many ranchmen on the upper Missouri and Cheyenne river ranges will suffer heavy losses in cattle, the storm being very heavy in those sections. Snow is reported from 12 to 15 inches deep and badly drifted. No telegraphic communication from here west to Pierre has been had since Thursday evening, and it is feared stock in the foothills and on the Sioux reservation suffered greatly.

NITRO-GLYCERINE EXPLODES.

Magazine Torn to Atoms and Houses Wrecked.

Geneva, Ind., Nov. 2.—The Empire magazine, situated half a mile west and north of this city, exploded at 3:45 o'clock Saturday morning. Seven hundred quarts of nitro-glycerine, which were stored there, tore the magazine to atoms and wrecked scores of houses in this city. Hundreds of windows were blown out, walls were cracked and chimneys torn down.

Must Report.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The interstate commerce commission is preparing petitions to the United States courts for mandamus to compel the filing of annual reports for the year ending June 30, 1896, by all railroads now in default. These reports are required to be filed not later than September 15 of each year. Most of the leading roads of the country have complied with the law, but the compiling of the statistics required by law is seriously interfered with by the delinquencies and delays of those carriers who fail to observe the law promptly.

Mannow Is Hanged.

Chicago, Oct. 31. — Julius Mannow was harged at noon Friday for the murder of Carey B. Birch. The condemned man showed great nervousness during the night, but walked to the gallows and met death gamely. From the scaffold he declared that his confession made Thursday was true. Mannow was pronounced dead 15 minutes after the drop fell, and the body was cut down and placed in a handsome coffin, bearing the inscription: "Rest in Peace."

Diamond Robbery.

Moline, Ill., Oct. 31.—Burglars made the biggest haul of jewelry early Friday morning in the history of Moline, securing diamonds and jewelry worth $2,500. The residence of Willard L. Velie of Deere & Co. was entered some time after midnight through a cellar window. Mrs. Velie's jewel case was the most valuable prize secured. It contained nearly all her jewels.

Clothing Firm Fails.

Sandusky, O., Nov. 2.—Hillelson & Kaylan, doing business here and at Gibsonburg, O., under the name of the Manhattan Clothing company, failed Saturday. The assets are estimated at $25,000; liabilities, $40,000. General depression in business is assigned as the cause.

Three Children Burned to Death.

Wallaceburg, Ont., Nov. 2.—J. W. June's residence was burned to the ground Friday night. June's three children perished in the flames.

THE MARKETS.

	New York, Nov. 2.	
LIVE STOCK—Steers	$3 75	@ 4 55
Sheep	2 00	@ 2 25
Hogs	3 93	@ 4 10
FLOUR—Minnesota Patents	4 00	@ 4 25
Minnesota Bakers'	2 20	@ 2 40
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	84½	@ 84¾
No. 1 Hard	81	@ 82¾
CORN—No. 2	30½	@ 30¾
December	31¼	@ 31⅜
OATS—Western	22	@ 22
LARD	4 60	@ 4 65
PORK—Mess	8 50	@ 9 00
BUTTER—Creamery	17	@ 20
Dairy	9	@ 17½
EGGS	13	@ 19
	CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Beeves	$3 25	@ 5 15
Stockers and Feeders	2 60	@ 3 70
Cows and Bulls	1 25	@ 3 60
Texas Steers	2 60	@ 3 40
HOGS—Light	3 20	@ 3 50
Rough Packing	3 00	@ 3 15
SHEEP	1 75	@ 3 25
BUTTER—Creamery	9	@ 18
Dairy	9	@ 16
EGGS—Fresh	16	@ 17
POTATOES (per bu)	16	@ 22
PORK—Mess	7 10	@ 7 15
LARD—Steam	4 22½	@ 4 25
FLOUR—Winter	1 75	@ 4 00
Spring	1 50	@ 4 50
GRAIN—Wheat, October	70	@ 71
Corn, No. 2 Cash	23½	@ 24
Oats, No. 2 Cash	17½	@ 18
Rye, No. 2	32½	@ 32¾
Barley, Choice to Fancy	30	@ 37
	MILWAUKEE.	
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 Spring	$ 63½	@ 63¾
Corn, No. 3	21	@ 21¼
Oats, No. 2 White	19½	@ 19¾
Rye, No. 1	30	@ 30½
Barley, No. 2	31	@ 31½
PORK—Mess	6 10	@ 6 25
LARD	4 20	@ 4 25
	DETROIT.	
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 Red	$ 80½	@ 80¾
Corn, No. 2	26	@ 26½
Oats, No. 2 White	21	@ 21½
Rye, No. 2	31	@ 32½
	ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Native Steers	$3 40	@ 4 90
Texas	2 15	@ 3 35
HOGS	3 00	@ 3 40
SHEEP	3 25	@ 4 00
	OMAHA.	
CATTLE—Steers	$3 00	@ 4 15
Cows	1 25	@ 3 00
Feeders	2 75	@ 3 60
HOGS	3 10	@ 3 35
SHEEP	3 40	@ 3 50

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Three hundred convicted murderers were sent to the penal settlement on the Island of Saghallen on one steamer that left Odessa recently.

—Princess Dhuleep Singh was fined 12 shillings in the Burton-Upon-Trent (England) police court for taking her lapdog to drive in her carriage without having it muzzled.

—The late duke of Marlborough, in alluding to the size of Blenheim palace, used to say, by way of a joke, that it was the only residence in England which required $4,000 worth of putty a year to keep the window panes in order.

—There are no sheep in Japan, and wool is not used as clothing, silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs—pork is an unknown article of diet, and lard is not used in cooking. Neither are there any goats, or mules, or donkeys.

—The largest kite ever made in England was one owned by Mr. George Pocock, of Bristol, grandfather of W. G. Grace, for the purpose of drawing a carriage along the roads. It was 12 feet by 15 feet, and proved the feasibility of such a mode of conveyance.

—India is a nation of pawnshops, according to Gen. Booth. The people think the cleverest man is he who devises the largest number of ways by which to borrow money. They put in pledge their lands, oxen, jewelry, themselves, their children and their grandchildren, and cases have even been known where a father to obtain money to defray the expenses of his daughter's wedding, has pledged as collateral the first child to be born of the union.

INSECTS ON MT. WASHINGTON.

Nine Hundred Species at the Height of Over a Mile.

The list of insects found in the Alpine region of Mount Washington contains names of more than 900 species of insects captured on the mountain, all taken from 5,500 feet altitude. Mrs. Slosson has been twice to the summit this season, spending two weeks here early in July and nine days in August. She has captured many additional species, perhaps 100 in all. These represent all the different orders of insects: Lepidoptera (butterflies and moths), coeoptera (beetles), hymenoptera (bees, wasps, ants, etc.), diptera (flies), neuroptera (dragon flies), hemiptera (bugs), and arachnidae (spiders and mites). Some of them have been named for the mountains on which they were found, others for their discoverer. Thus, a large fly is "Degeeria Washingtoniae," and an ichneumon is "Meniscus Slossonae." Others bear as a specific name "Alpinum," "Montanus" or "Borealis," to suggest their cold mountainous birthplace.

Some of the most common and homely kinds of creatures are of interest to the naturalist. A large red mite, related to what is popularly known as the "red spider" of house plants, is very common on this summit. But it was never noticed or described until Mrs. Slosson found it three years ago and sent it to a specialist learned in such matters. He found it was a new species, though nearly related to certain mites found upon the Alps and other European mountains.

But one species of "daddy longlegs" has been found upon the summit. This was discovered by Mrs. Slosson two years ago and named by a specialist "Montanum." It is very common, running over the rocks and on the ground, but had somehow escaped the notice of entomologists until Mrs. Slosson's discovery. Spiders are numerous, as every stone when turned over discloses beetles and other insects, while on warm, still days the air is filled with gauzy wings and gayly colored slender bodies, hovering, soaring and fluttering about.

The contributions which Mrs. Slosson is making to the science of entomology by her investigations will be most highly appreciated by experts and students. But it is also most interesting to the general public to gain additional information as to the peculiar character of this high region. Its insect and vegetable and floral life, so entirely different from that of any other spot in New England, affords the most prolific subject for study.—Above the Clouds.

Li Hung Chang and a Sewing Machine.

While in London Li Hung Chang visited a sewing machine works, where he found much to interest him. The manager of the works was closely questioned regarding the working of the machine, the quality of the thread used, and even the kind of oil for lubrication. It was not enough for Li Hung Chang to see the machine in operation; he had to work it himself. He passed a piece of white linen through the machine and stitched it with great care and marvelous neatness. He asked the price of the machine and sought after more detail. Was the machine covered when not in use? Yes. Some specimens of fancy work were shown—a figure of a royal Highlander worked in thread, and a lovely specimen of work in the form of a peacock's tail in all its wondrous color. His excellency Li betrayed deep interest in the peacock's tail, but even that could not lure him from the sewing machine. He sat down, and whiffing a cigarette, worked the treadles with amazing energy. He expressed himself anxious to purchase a machine, but it was explained that the firm would rather present him with one. After some pressure he consented to accept the gift, and it was arranged to send the machine to Shanghai. A machine is also to be specially constructed and forwarded to the empress of China.—London Chronicle.

A Patriarch.

Child (who has a great idea of her grandfather's age)—I say, grandpapa, were you in the ark?

Grandpa—Why, no, my dear.

"But, grandpapa, you must have been or else you would have been drowned."—N. Y. Post

SUFFERING SISTERS.

Curious Coincidence.

From the Express, Aurora, Ill.

"Two years ago," said Mrs. Harry Rhodes, whose home is at No. 1 Blackhawk Street, Aurora, Kane County, Illinois. "My life was one of misery because of rheumatic affections which the most skilled physicians of this city were powerless to cure. My afflictions were of a sciatic nature which affected not only my hips but both legs and feet to such a degree that I did not dare to step upon the ground for fear of bringing on the most excruciating pains.

"The several physicians to whom I applied were powerless to aid me, and I was in a very despondent condition and almost without hope. When one day I noticed a testimonial in one of our daily papers from a woman who had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Sanders & Sherer's drug store is just across the street from my husband's place of business, and I asked him to call there and purchase a box of pills, which he did.

"That first box of pills worked wonders for me. I might almost say that the first half dozen produced a very noticeable effect, for that night I obtained sleep without the aid of opiates, and with the second day the pains grew less and less until they departed altogether, never to return. I continued to take the pills, in the prescribed doses, for several weeks when I found myself entirely cured.

"My sister, Mrs. Bert Scott, whose home was at Duluth, Minnesota, was troubled with rheumatic difficulties similar to mine. Her trouble was the principal reason for the removal of the family to Chicago, where Mr. Scott is in the plumbing business, and their home is now at 15 Teale Court. They expected the atmosphere of Illinois to assist in a cure which the physicians could not bring about in the climate of Superior, but my sister became no better, with the very best of medical attendance, until I recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to her. As in my case they worked a speedy cure, and Mrs. Scott is now entirely free from all rheumatic disorders, and she is as conscientious as I am in her praises of the remedy which has done so much to make the lives of two families far happier than they were two years ago."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"I am sorry I bought one of those doormats with 'Welcome' on it." "Why so?" "Some stupid fellow mistook the meaning of the word and helped himself to it the first night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Texas.

In the Agricultural line, Texas leads all other states in the variety of its products. Cotton, corn and the cereals grow and are raised in every section of the state and in the central and southern portions sugar cane and sorghum are profitably cultivated. On the Gulf Coast two and three crops of vegetables are raised each year. Berries are shipped six weeks in advance of the home crop in the north. Pears, peaches, plums, oranges, figs, olives and nuts all grow abundantly and can be marketed from two to three weeks in advance of the California crops. Large quantities of rice are now grown.

If the land seeker, the home seeker and the settler desires to secure a farm larger than the one he occupies, on vastly more reasonable terms; if he wants more land to cultivate, a greater variety of crops to harvest, with proportionately increased remuneration, at a less outlay for cost of production; if he wants an earlier season with correspondingly higher prices; if he wants milder winters, all the year pasturage for his stock, improved health, increased bodily comforts and wealth and prosperity, he should go to Texas.

Send for pamphlet descriptive of the resources of this great state (mailed free). Low rate Homeseekers excursions via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway on Nov. 3rd and 17th, Dec. 1st and 15th, 1896. H. A. Cherrier, Northern Passenger Agent, 336 Marquette Building, Chicago.

Teddy—"I tell you it's so." Nellie—"I say it is not." Teddy—"Well, mamma says it's so; and if mamma says it's so, it's so even if it isn't so."—Harper's Round Table.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mack—"Too bad, old fellow, the hanging committee skied your canvas." D'Auber—"My boy, with the hanging committee the art is to conceal the art."—London Figaro.

CINCINNATI FLYER.

Monon Route C. H. & D.

The Monon has put on a fast flyer for Indianapolis and Cincinnati in connection with the C. H. & D. The train leaves Chicago, Dearborn Station, at 11:50 A. M., reaches Indianapolis at 8:37 and Cincinnati at 7:45 P. M., thus making the run, Chicago to Indianapolis, in four hours and forty-seven minutes, and Cincinnati in seven hours and fifty-five minutes. This is the fastest time made between Chicago and Indianapolis and Cincinnati by any line. The "Cincinnati Flyer" is equipped with elegant day coaches, the Monon celebrated high-backed seats, parlor car and dining car. City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

"How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one sultry day, "that a man never meets a cart going the same way as he is!"—Household Words.

Quit Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"Billie was too much bent on getting that girl." "Yes, and the first he knew he was broke."—Kate Field's Washington.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

To Virginia and North Carolina.

In the months of November and December Homeseeker's excursion tickets will be sold from all points west and northwest to Virginia and North Carolina at one fare plus $2.00 for the round trip. For excursion rates and dates address C. L. Taylor, N. W. P. A., Big Four, C. & O. Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

"Necessity knows no law." Being the mother of invention, she ought at least to know the patent laws.

Left Destitute!

Not of worldly goods, but of all earthly comfort, is the poor wretch tormented by malaria. The fell scourge is, however, shorn of its thong in advance by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its only sure preventive and remedy. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney complaints are also among the bodily afflictions which this beneficent medicine overcomes with certainty. Use it systematically.

Miss Kerpick—"What an awful talker Mr. Gilley is, and how little he says when he speaks!" Miss Kittish—"The poor fellow is troubled with an impediment in his thoughts."—N. Y. World.

A Chance for Work.

Persons who buy 40 acres of land at from $5 to $8 an acre will be given work at $1.50 a day so as to provide the necessaries of life. Land is located in Mason county, Washington, and will produce fruits and all staple crops. Land also for sale at low prices and easy terms on Whidby Island, Washington. One free railway ticket to each purchaser of 40 acres. Address R. E. Werkman, Grand Central Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Hoyack—"Miss Tenspot must be surprisingly beautiful." Mr. Tomdik—"Indeed! What makes you think so?" "She looks well even in an amateur photograph."—Life.

Tourist Car to California.

An upholstered Pullman Tourist Car is run every Wednesday by the Northern Pacific. This car leaves St. Paul 2:45 p. m., Minneapolis 3:20 p. m., reaching San Francisco the following Monday morning. Double berth only $6.00. For tickets and reservations write to any ticket agent, N. P. Ry Co., or to Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world." "So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"—Truth.

How My Throat Hurts!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"Girls like a mustache at first sight," said Cholly; "but with a fellow—well, it has to grow on him!"—Truth.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Friend—"Well, Arthur, now that you're started to school, what do you like best?" Arthur—"Recess."

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—Jennie Pinkard, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

It's a rather remarkable thing that we can see through almost any kind of glass but a glass eye.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

"There are no jokes like the old jokes,"
Said the humorist blithe and gay.
"And the jokes that now find favor
Pleased the folks of another day."
—Philadelphia North American.

Were bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL.

Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you?

You are suffering from

KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP!

Warner's Safe Cure

WILL CURE YOU.

Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine an honest chance.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Write for free treatment blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

A. N. K.—G. 1629.

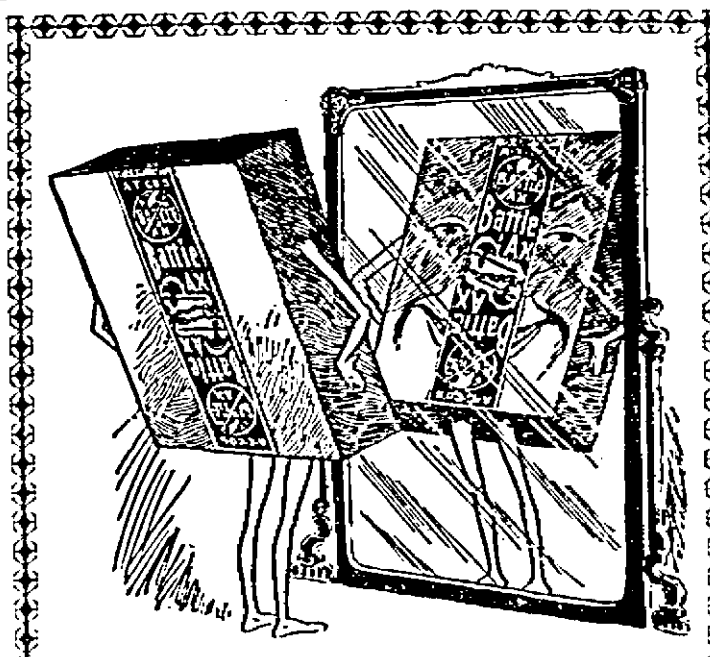
WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to his cough. A man's coffers may be so secure that no one can take them away from him. But a little cough has taken many a man away from his coffers. The "slight cough" is somewhat like the small pebble that lies on the mountain side, and appears utterly insignificant. A fluttering bird, perhaps, starts the pebble rolling, and the rolling pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Many fatal diseases begin with a slight cough. But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



"I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!"

Battle Ax PLUG

What a chewer wants first is a good tobacco; then he thinks about the size of the plug. He finds both goodness and bigness in "Battle Ax." He finds a 5 cent piece almost as large as a 10 cent piece of other high grade brands. No wonder millions chew "Battle Ax."

We Believe Thoroughly in Our Boys Clothing.

So Do Others.

—o—

What better proof than the number of boys that come to our store unaccompanied—simply a note—giue this boy a two, three or four dollar suit, as the case may be.

Our system of "money back" if you want it give confidence to parents.

Ladies' Shoes.

We want our regular patrons to reap the benefit of our Shoe Sale. These shoes were not chopped out to sell by the car load to people who are indifferent as to style, quality and fit. They are just the best that can be produced by such makers as Ludlow, Ritch Shoe Co., and others. The lasts are beautiful, the fit is pleasing the price is eloquent.

$3.50 best quality kid skin, lace or button, patent leather tip and trimmed to close, 2.50. Entire stock at proportionate price.

To Keep

Your Ankles Warm

You should get a pair of our Overgaiters. They will keep away many a bad cold and save many a doctor's bill, besides the comfort you get out of them. They don't cost much either. Regular cut, or extra high cut. 12 buttons. All kinds. All styles. All prices.

The regular 40c kind we sell for 25c.
The regular 75c kind we sell for 50c.
The regular $1 kind we sell for 75c.
The regular $1.50 and $2 kind we sell for $1.

Rubbers vs. Doctors.

WHICH IS CHEAPEST?

There isn't much chance for argument—you've paid doctors' bills that originated in wet feet, haven't you?

'Nuf Sed.

It's time now to put on rubbers and, while you're about it, wear the best—they last longest.

An ounce of preventation is worth a pound of cure. A pair of rubbers are better than a ton of rheumatism remedy.

Cash Dep't Store

312, 314, 316 Brown Street,

RHINELANDER.

Whether you wish to make a purchase or ask a question, we are at your service.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CASTLE AT DUDLEY.

The village bells at Dudley have just struck the midnight hour.

It is an English village on the Severn river, about 30 miles southwest of Birmingham, founded, and one night say owned, by Lord Dudley. It is a quiet place, with little business and never any bustle. Many of the wealthy manufacturers of Birmingham have their homes here, and in summer time there are many strangers, although it is far from the sea.

For an hour or more a skiff has been lying at anchor in the bend of the river just above where the northern wall inclosing Lord Dudley's grounds reaches the bank. There are three walls shutting in the ten acres of ground, while the river itself answers for the fourth. The castle stands in the center of the plat, and the space not covered by it and the conservatory, stables, etc., is given up to lawns, walks, flower beds, fountains and the like. A grand old place this, though the 10 acres should have been 20 or 30.

It is a starlight June night, with something of a mist rising from the water. Had any boatman been passing up or down he might have rowed within 20 feet of the rough and unpainted skiff without noticing it. He might have passed within 5 feet of it without seeing its occupant, who was lying on the bread of his back and watching the faint stars above him in an absent manner. He seemed on the point of going to sleep when the three bells in different portions of the rambling village began to slowly and solemnly strike the hour which marks the death of the old and the birth of a new day. Then he sat up and looked about and whispered to himself:

"That's what I've been waiting for, and here I go! Wish I'd brought along a partner, though that would have meant a divide of the swag."

He lifted the stone by which the boat had been anchored and let the craft drift down past the wall. Then by a careful use of the paddle he worked it inshore until the bow rested on the bank. He was now within the grounds, but quite a distance from the house. Stepping ashore, he pulled the skiff half its length out of the water, and for a minute or two stood peering into the darkness.

"Losing your nerve, eh!" he muttered, as a shiver passed over him. "It's your first big job, and you are a bit timid. Burglary is a bit different from poaching, but you'll get used to it, Ben Johnson! Take a drink to brace your nerves!"

He pulled a bottle from his pocket, drained it of its contents and tossed it away. A full pint of liquor had gone down his throat since 10 o'clock, and but for the adventure he had on hand he would have been sleeping the stupid sleep of intoxication. The effect of the last drink was to make him desperately reckless—the condition he hoped for. Keeping clear of the graveled paths, that the sound of his footsteps might not betray him, he slowly and cautiously advanced to the house. Not a light was to be seen, not a sound came to alarm him.

"Second story—above the portico—three windows," he whispered to himself. "One window in her ladyship's bedroom, two in her sitting room. She has her own safe, and it's in that sitting room. Key to be found lying about somewhere—jewels—money—out again and nobody the wiser. No need of any violence unless the old gal has the impudence to wake up and discover me. No, I won't hurt anybody unless I'm cornered. Come, now! Up you go!"

He advanced up the steps leading to a private entrance and kicked off his shoes and placed his hat and jacket beside them. Then lifting himself up to the railing he grasped a column supporting the portico and noiselessly ascended to its roof. The sills of two windows were only two feet above him. Not the slightest ray of light had been reflected from either, but from his new position he made a discovery which was impossible from the ground.

The curtains at the window of her ladyship's bedroom were down, but a glimmer of light escaped from the side next to him. She was a woman 60 years of age, in failing health, and perhaps she was ill and a nurse was sitting up with her. It might be only a night lamp, however. The man remained crouched on the roof for ten minutes without motion. He heard no movement—no voices—and finally decided that it was safe to go ahead. He expected to find the windows locked, and he lost no time in trying them. Pulling himself carefully up to the north window of the sitting room, he stood up, drew a long, thin piece of steel from his breast and in 20 seconds had turned the catch by inserting the implement between the sashes. There was a dull click, and he crouched down and waited five or six minutes to see if any one had been aroused.

"So far so good!" he whispered when satisfied that no alarm had been created. "I'd feel better if I had a pal on the watch below, but I've gone too far to back out now. Only that window between me and £5,000 of swag!"

So carefully did he raise the sash that had any one been sitting in the room and wide awake they would not have heard a sound. His entrance into the room was just as cautiously made. It was not until he had closed the sash behind him, rearranged the curtains to hide the light and then listened in vain for the heavy breathing of a person in sleep that he took the dark lantern from the bag in which he carried it and threw its light around the room. It was an apartment perhaps 30 feet long by 20 wide, with a door leading into a hall at the back end, and midway on the north side a door which the burglar at once decided communicated with her ladyship's bedroom. The man had no eyes for the elegant surroundings, but flashed his lantern here and there until the light fell upon the door of an iron safe built into the south wall. He had heard of that safe and its contents. That was the magnet which had drawn him to the castle that June night—which had made him turn burglar—which was to change the current of his life.

In those days no house safe was protected by a combination. They were locked or unlocked by a key, and the lock could be readily attacked by a burglar's tools and implements. Kneeling before the door, the man took a lock pick from his bag and began work. He was a bit nervous, but nevertheless he worked with caution and patience. Inside of ten minutes he had shot the bolt, and he was just pulling the door open when a hand was laid on his shoulder. He had placed the dark lantern on a chair behind him, so that the flood of light fell full upon the door. It also fell upon his head and face as he worked.

"My God, Ben Johnson, but have you come to this!"

It was the voice of a woman. She had knelt beside him and uttered the words before he could obey the impulse to spring up. The voice was familiar to him, and the face of the woman, half brought out by the bullseye, was not strange to him. No, not the face of a woman, but that of a girl not over 18 years old. It was very pale as he found it within two feet of his own, and the big blue eyes had a look of horror in them as they gazed into his black ones. He had been so suddenly and so completely surprised that he was rendered stupid for a moment.

"Ben! Ben! Do you know where you are—what you are doing?" whispered the girl as she laid a hand on the arm outstretched to pull the door open.

"Aye, you minx. It's you, is it?" he growled as he drew a breath of relief. "Of course I know what I'm doing. I could have got along without you had you been asleep, but as you are here I'll make use of you. I suppose the old gal is asleep in her bedroom? If she's got anything worth taking in there, I want you to fetch it to me."

"Ben Johnson turned burglar!" gasped the girl. "Ben Johnson here in her ladyship's private rooms to rob her! Oh, Ben, I can't be awake and in my senses! You surely haven't become so desperate all at once."

"Keep quiet, you fool!" he hissed as he dropped his arm to take hold of her wrist with savage grip. "I told you last Sunday that nobody would give me a show and that I intended to do for myself. Because I've been man enough to take what belonged to me I've been cent to the jail and outlawed. This very Lord Dudley, who has no more right to wealth than I have, has had me watched and hounded and marked down for a bad man."

"But you turned poacher, Ben," she replied, "and you refused to work like other young men."

"Poacher! Aye, that's the law of the country as made by these bigwigs. If a poor man wants a bit of game now and then, he must risk the jail to get it. But what are you doing here?"

"Her ladyship is ill tonight, and I am sitting up with her. She is asleep just now, but may awake at any moment. Ben, listen to me. Go away. Go the way you came, and none but us shall ever know that you entered the castle."

"Are you a fool, Mary?" he savagely exclaimed. "I came for the swag, and I'll not go without it!"

"And we love each other—have passed our words and are to be married in the fall!" she moaned as she put out both hands to seize the arm he had extended again.

"Here's the reason why I should make the haul. I haven't had enough money the past three months to pay the wedding fee. Hands off, you idiot!"

"Ben, do you love me?"

"Hush! This is no time for nonsense! Go fetch any stray jewels from the old gal's room while I clean out this box."

"You shall not touch it! You shall go away! Go now—at once—or I will call for help!"

"D'ye see this?" he whispered as he drew a long, keen knife from its sheath and flashed it before her eyes.

"Aye, I see it, Ben Johnson, and would to God you had driven it to my heart before I learned how base and unworthy and wicked you had become! Father and mother were right, and I have been headstrong and obstinate. Both of them have always distrusted you—have said that you were bad at heart."

"I don't care a curse what they have thought nor for your own opinion either. I am here for the swag, and I'll have it and your life as well if you trouble me further. Hands off! Get away, wench!"

Had it been another man in the place of Ben Johnson, the girl would have screamed out at sight of him. She had barely restrained herself as it was, and only because she had instantly recognized her lover's face as the light fell upon it. She had softly opened the door of the bedroom and entered on tiptoe in search of a fan. Had another man menaced her with a knife, she might have fainted. Ben was savage and desperate and might murder her, but she did not hesitate. Rising suddenly to her feet, she flung her arms around his neck and pulled him backward and shouted "Robbers!" "Murder!" "Help!" at the top of her voice. As she pulled him over she struck the chair and kicked the lantern off, and the room was at once in midnight darkness.

"You've spoiled my game, but I'll have your life to pay for it!" shouted the man as he tore her arms loose and struggled up.

He moved here and there in search of the girl, and for 15 seconds no alarm followed her loud cries for help. Then the door of the bedroom opened to let in a flood of light, and Lady Dudley stood on the threshold to look in.

Oh, my lady, it's a robber—a murderer!" screamed Mary as she dashed across the room.

"So there you are, and I'll give you this!" shouted the man as he sprang after her.

The girl dodged past Lady Dudley. Ben stopped short within arm's length of the invalid, who had as yet uttered no sound. Rendered furiously desperate by his defeat, he raised the knife as if to stab her, and probably meaning to do it, but while he held his arm poised she uttered a feeble, choking cry and sank down in a heap on the floor. At the same instant doors were heard opening and closing—footsteps sounded in the halls—and it was evident that the castle was aroused. Standing over the unconscious form of Lady Dudley, Ben called to the girl, whom he could not see:

"I'm going, you hussy. And let me warn you that if you give me up to the law I'll have your life and that of every one of your family."

He was on the roof of the portico as Lord Dudley burst into the room. He was safe on the ground and sheltered by the trees as the latter arrived at the window and looked out. It was ten minutes before the servants could be roused to search the grounds, and by that time Ben Johnson was floating down the Severn in his skiff. Lady Dudley was dead when lifted up and placed on the bed—dead from the shock she had received at sight of the burglar and his knife. Mary was so upset that it was some time before she could give her account of the affair. At first she had declared that the man was unknown to her, actuated by a lingering spark of love for the man instead of his wicked threat, but when she learned that Lady Dudley was dead she confessed to the master that her own acknowledged lover was the midnight in-

"If you give me up to the law I'll have your life."

truder. She had conversed with him. She had restrained his hand. She would have flung herself between him and her lady, but she did not know that he menaced the latter. The girl deserved all praise. She had been more than loyal.

"It's this way, my lord," said the police sergeant who was summoned from the town station as soon as possible. "The girl is accessory. No doubt of the pair putting up the job together, but they were disturbed by her ladyship. Then, to save herself, the girl cries out for help and makes a great ado, thinking the man can get away without being recognized."

"But she has been in my service for many years—ever since she was 10 years old," protested Lord Dudley. "She has had charge of her ladyship's jewels for the past year, and even now has the key of the safe."

"Yes, my lord, but those things don't help her much now," observed the sergeant. "She is in love with that scamp of a man Johnson. She could not resist his arguments. They were going to make a big haul and then skip the country for America or Australia. It's all as plain as day to me, sir, and I feel it my duty to lock her up."

"Why did she tell me it was her lover when none of us had seen or suspected him?" asked his lordship.

"Emotion, sir—overcome with sudden emotion on hearing of her ladyship's death, and the words came out before she realized what she was saying. I've seen it in 20 different cases. By tonight she'll take a different tack and declare that the man was a perfect stranger."

"Well, I am very sorry, for we have always looked upon Mary as the most faithful of servants. She may have been argued into this by that villain, as you say, and perhaps it is best to lock her up."

"It was a great temptation, no doubt," said the sergeant, "and it may be that we can find extenuating circumstances, as they calls 'em. We have the whole force out after Ben Johnson, and no doubt we'll have him fast and sure before morning. And now, sir, if you'll bring the girl down I'll walk her to the station and see what a few hours in a cell may do toward helping her to tell the truth."

CHAPTER II.

MATE OF THE HINDU.

Sailors and landsmen—good people all—permit me to introduce myself as Ralph Tompkins, a sailor man by profession and mate of the merchantman Hindu. Whatever has gone before this is from the pen of a good friend of mine who has to do with books and newspapers. After he had heard my story he says to me, says he:

"Tompkins, that would make a full cargo for a book, and I warrant you it would be read with interest. Why not put it in that form?"

One cannot reach the position of mate of a craft sailing to all ports without a fair education, but even out of a hundred college bred men not more than one in a hundred ever attempts a book, I'm told. One must have a gift that way, they say. I'm sure that nature did not give it to me, but after thinking the matter over for a fortnight—getting my latitude and longitude, as it were—I answered my friend after this fashion:

"I'm but a plain sailor man, as you know, and I can only write in a plain sailor fashion. If you think the readers of books will overlook my slips of grammar and not be too particular about my language as I talk to them, and if you yourself will agree to write the first chapter and put me under weigh and well off the coast, so to say, I will try my hand at print."

He instantly replied that it was a bargain, and as he has stuck to his promise I must stick to mine.

The Hindu was a fine new bark hailing from the port of Liverpool. One-half of her was owned by Mr. Abernethy, the well known trader, and Captain Clark and I each owned a quarter interest. The captain was my own brother-in-law, and, though I held a master's certificate and was competent to command a ship, circumstances made me glad to take the berth of mate for a few voyages. We had come home with a full cargo from Smyrna, but had met with disaster on the way, and the Hindu had to go to the dockyard for repairs as soon as unloaded. When the last of the cargo was out of her, I said to the captain:

[CONTINUED.]

Strategic Mr. Chaffie.

Mrs. Chaffie—I don't know how I can get Johnnie to take his medicine. If I tell him what it is, he won't take it, and if I don't tell him he won't take it.

Mr. Chaffie—I'll tell you what to do. Just put it on the table and forbid him to touch it, and then he will take it sure.—London Tit-Bits.

Get in out of the wet by buying your rubbers at the Cash Department Store.

The price of clothing at the Cash Department Store are in sympathy with workingmen.

The choicest line of ladies' jackets and capes is at Gray's. Look them over before you buy.

The boys at the High school held an election Tuesday resulting in 43 votes for McKinley to Bryan's 19.

Prepare for cold nights by buying some of those quilts and blankets which Gray is offering at reduced prices.

The only difference between the Cash Department Store's ready made suits and custom work is in the price, and that is in your favor.

We believe in the Free and unlimited coinage of Bargains at a ratio of 16 at our store to 1 at any other store. Cash Department Store.

Politics are a stumbling block in the way of trade—we don't care how you vote—if you want fine underwear the Cash Department Store has it.

It would be a national triumph if all merchants dealt as fairly as does the Cash Department Store. Every article marked in plain figures and strictly one price.

A time sociable will be held to-morrow evening at Mrs. Albert Swarthout's, over Shafer's store, on Brown street. It is given by the Baptist ladies. All invited.

Hamlet once said: Put money in thy purse. Had he been living in Rhinelander to-day he would have framed his advice to read: Trade entirely at the Cash Department Store.

Changes come to all. Some are pleasant, some otherwise. A pleasant change for you would be to get some of our nice warm undergarments to protect you from weather changes. Cash Department Store.

At the Baptist church next Sunday morning the subject of the morning sermon will be, "The Peace of God." The evening text, "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." Prof. Allen and Miss Nina Smith will assist with violin and cornet the evening choir.

For overcoats at Beers & Co's.

It's nothing strange that Beers & Co. should be doing a grand business these days. Their prices talk.

The largest, the finest and cheapest line of goods ever shown in Rhinelander, at the Chicago Clothing Store of Beers & Co.

Lawrence Doyle has slabs, and hard wood for sale. Those wishing anything in the wood line can leave orders at Crane & Fendon's and he will attend to them.

With two little children subject to croup we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Colo., Bud. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

The Darlington, Wis., Journal says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

Circuit Court, Oneida County.

KATE FIER, Plaintiff,
vs.
E. P. LAMPSON and THE MINNESOTA LOAN & TRUST CO. (a corporation) trustee of THE MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL & SAULT STE. MARIE RAILWAY CO., (a corporation,) Defendants.

The State of Wisconsin to the said Defendants and each of them:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint; of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

HARRIET H. FIER,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

P. O. Address, 102 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, Milwaukee Co., Wis.

N. B. The original summons and complaint in this action was filed in the office of the clerk of this said court, Sept. 22, 1896, and are now on file therein.

ATTORNEYS.

ALBAN & BARNES,
Attorneys at Law.
Collections promptly attended to.
Office in Merchants state Bank building.

MILLER & McCORMICK,
Attorneys at Law.
Collections sharply looked after.
Office over First National Bank

L. J. BILLINGS,
Attorney & Counselor.
Rhinelander, Wis

WALKER & WALKER,
Attorneys at Law.
Office on Davenport Street.
Rhinelander, Wis

PAUL BROWNE,
Attorney at Law.
Collections a Specialty.
Rhinelander, Wis

A. W. SHELTON,
Attorney at Law.
Special attention paid to homestead law and contests.
Rhinelander

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